

Divinity

VOLUME ONE NUMBER TWO • £3.00 • ADULTS ONLY



...EXPLORING THE UNCHARTED REALMS OF PSYCHO-EROS

Divine Press

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EDITOR/LAYOUT: David Flint
ASSOCIATE EDITOR:
Sal Volatile

TYPESETTING/PHOTOSCREENING:
Nick Cairns/On Line Publishing

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CONTRIBUTORS:

K. Brewer, Trevor Brown, Raymond Carver, John Graywood, Tim Greaves, Ian Kerkhof, Cherry Maraschino, Moose McGill, Cathy Pacific, Cathal Tobhill, Sal Volatile.

ART:

Trevor Brown

COVER:

The Adam Darius Theatre in
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SERMON NUMBER TWO WE HAVE MADMEN WAITING

by David Flint

DIVINITY magazine has been met with the expected mix of enthusiasm and horror. At the worst extreme, one Manchester stockist kept the magazine on the shelves for a whole two days before yanking it off and hiding it under the counter following *one* complaint. What media anarchists they are. At least it proves we're doing something "right"! Other stockists, thankfully, have avoided following suit, and the magazine has met with a highly satisfying amount of success - both commercially *and* critically, I'm pleased to say. Sure, there have been a couple of knockbacks, but that's only to be expected. Remember, whenever you try to do anything new, anything challenging or threatening, there will always be people waiting to shaft you at the first opportunity. But that said, there are a lot more people out there who have supported the magazine tremendously, and I thank them for that.

Of course, there were parts of the first issue that were less than perfect. We've rectified a lot of them this time around, and we'll continue to strive to improve the magazine all the time. Dropped, due to more or less unanimous agreement between myself and other DIVINITY staffers and associates, is the **DIVINE CONFSSIONAL**. This "true sex confessions" feature seemed like a good idea at the time, but we quickly realised that it wasn't. Apologies to those of you who *did* like it - perhaps one day, the concept can be revived in a different format.

Apart from that, the major change in this issue is the addition of another four pages. We're hoping to add even more pages to the next issue...and more after that. We're also working on a few different ventures that should see fruition later in the summer and throughout the rest of the year. We are, of course, going to be involved in the 3rd Festival of Fantastic Films in Manchester during October. Myself and other DIVINITY scribes will be around all weekend, so don't make a stranger of yourself! Other than that, there will be **SINS OF THE FLESH 2**, another collection of rare and outrageous skin-flick ad-mats. This should be available around the same time as the Festival takes place, and will be a very limited edition. Subscribers will be the first to hear about this and other projects lined up.

It's a mixed up, muddled up, fucked up world we're living in these days. I recently found myself walking through Manchester City Centre in the early hours for the first time in ages. Having avoided this not-so-fun experience for so long, I'd forgotten just what a horrendous experience it can be...but the memories soon came flooding back. Like any major city (or even, I fear minor city or small town) the rule of thumb for the nocturnal residents of Manchester seems to be "Saturday night's all right for fighting". So armies of pissed up, psychotic yobs roam the streets, looking for any excuse to have a scrap - or, to be more precise, any opportunity to beat someone senseless without risking personal injury... which is why they hunt in packs. As I walked through the city towards the bus stop (British Rail having decided that we should all be home and tucked up in bed by 11.15), the comforting sounds of breaking glass and roaring thugs filled my ears. On every street corner, there lurked gangs of well dressed drunken youths, perhaps taking a well earned respite from that popular night-time sport, *Beating The Shit Out Of The Homeless Person*. They'll soon go and relieve their bladders over a shop window (a real laugh a minute guys, these), before heading off to an all night eatery, where they can hurl racist abuse at the staff and throw up on the floor.

As I neared the bus stop, the population exploded. Groups of clubbers gathered around telephone kiosks, desperate to book that taxi home. Groups of giggling girls in short skirts dashed over to a typically hideous nightclub. A fight spilled into the road. A couple of girls walking past a group of "men" in business suits were subjected to a barrage of vitriolic verbal sexual abuse.

Boy on boy, the fun could've gone on all night! But, there was a bus to catch, and so I reluctantly boarded and settled down for the next instalment in the night's free entertainment. It wasn't long in coming. A chap in his mid-twenties stumbled aboard, his once-neat shirt and tie now showing signs of fatigue, and tried to fathom out some method of payment. When he discovered that the night bus fares are double the norm, he was none too pleased. Hurling a slurred barrage of abuse at the driver (who sat taking it with a wonderfully bored expression on his face), the chap staggered down the bus, falling over twice. As we approached his stop, he lurched to the front of the bus and vomited. The driver remained impassive. A regular occurrence, I suppose.

Fun as Manchester is, it doesn't really compare to my home town of Stockport when it comes to Late Night Scum. These social returns have now been given a town centre focal point for their nocturnal brutality, in the form of a leisure complex - thoughtfully situated between the train station and the hospital. This Moron Mecca includes amongst its delights, a nightclub (the sort where you can be a violent, drunken, noisy, bigoted psychopath as long as you wear a tie...), a trendy pub (the sort where you can...well, you get the picture) and a bowling alley. What fun! Designed like a maze, it's ideal for those wonderfully intimate meetings between mugger and victim.

Why is Stockport so oppressively unpleasant at the weekend? I'm sure it's not unique. Every town is the same; I just happen to live in this one. There are no answers to all of this, just as there are no police to be found anywhere near these hateracens: it just *is*. Perhaps if clubs and pubs took to barring customers who look like nutters instead of those who wear jeans, things might improve. But as we all know, a beer glass in the face is part and parcel of a good night out, but seeing someone dressed in denim or leather would ruin your entire evening....

CORRESPONDENCE

The first batch of rambling missives from readers

What kind of thing are you trying to do here, bore us to death with sad soul-less pornography. Your publication stinks of failed erections and self-indulgent sadness. You are no different from those you think your publication may offend, when in reality, they are as turned on as you by your pathetic death fantasies. This rag offers as much of a glimpse into counter culture as the top shelf publications.

The Association for Ontological Anarchy sees no value in violent pornography, its deadly orgone removes the energy from all beautiful homo-hetero-bi-sexual acts. "It takes no guts at all to be an art sadist. People who jerk off at atrocity photos, people who like to intellectualise about splatter-art and highfalutin hopelessness and groovy ghouliness and other people's misery are police without power. We have a black bomb for these aesthetic fascists, it explodes with bright sperm and firecrackers, racous weeds and piracy, wierd Shi'ite heresies and bubbling paradise fountains, complex rythms, pulsations of life, all shapeless and exquisite.

Wake up ! Breathe ! Feel the world's breath against your skin ! Seize the day ! Breathe ! " - Hakim Bey 1988

The AOA Sheffield

The AOA? I know who you really are; your semi-literate, incoherent style is instantly recognisable. Coming from you, the half-baked ramblings you intend to be abuse are welcome indeed. It's gratifying to know that DIVINITY has rattled you enough for you to formulate your aimless attack. It's a shame that the resulting whine was so feeble and retarded, but then I guess that it was all your limited imaginations could manage

David, I also have this strange disease. I'm a big mail junkie myself. I enjoy mostly strange catalogues as you point out so rightly: deviant collections of material that polite society does its best to avoid.

I've always had a foible for kinky subjects, so I liked your article on A GUIDE TO THE CORRECTION OF

YOUNG GENTLEMEN and even more THE EXCITEMENT OF HUMILIATION... by Trevor Brown.

Jos Van Haegenborgh, Diest, Belgium



Hello David! That's me and a friend in a village in Austria. I don't think life's much fun there...at least they keep their faith in drugs and rock 'n' roll.

Frans Stummer, Burgkirchen, Germany

I really enjoyed DIVINITY #1 because, I suppose, of its fascinating subject matter, but not only because of this - I liked you attitude towards the subject matter. Many thanks for the article on Margaret Nolan. Ever since I saw her slipping out of that silver bikini a few years back, she has been embedded in my memory.

I also really liked the "Parametric Formalism and The Wizard of Gore" article. I'd like to see this kind of deeper, analytical attitude applied to any aspect of sex, fetishism, sleaze media etc. I find fascinating all aspects of fantasy and fetishism - what people really want to do but (all too often) won't admit. Maybe an article with someone detailing what they find so attractive about feet, or nuns or whatever would be an idea.

Daniel Lowe, Ilford

I was very impressed with most of the first issue, both in terms of content and layout. I agree with you about the predictability of most magazines. The whole point of publications should be about new information (eg. I wasn't aware of Creation Press) and entertainment. I

liked the attack on the fan. Cynics like myself can never accept blind devotion to anything, whether it be a band, a filmmaker or a religious belief. In fact, the lack of religious faith in Western society directly contributes to this obsessive behaviour.

Glad you didn't fall into the entire "counter-culture" trap and mentioned Tori Amos (whom I don't like) and Lush (whom I really like) in your music section. SPOOKY is a better album than it seems; on subsequent listens it really does impress. Live, Lush are excellent. One of the few British bands I have especially enjoyed in the past year.

That's my brief thoughts on DIVINITY. I could have written much more if I had the time. This in itself indicates the success of your intentions: to provoke feedback. Be fair to female, gay and bisexual readers though and let's have some willies (even flaccid ones are better than nothing and should even up the balance of undressed women). Penises also upset the traditional Fan types and regressive homophobics.

Adrian Jones, London

In the rest of Adrian's too-long-to-publish missive, he tells of a 1988 Walerian Borowczyk film called CEREMONIE D'AMOUR. Borowczyk has also directed at least two episodes of the French erotic drama SERIE ROSE - both highly recommended. As for the penis problem: well, there just weren't any available the last time, but you should find the odd trouser snake popping out to say hello elsewhere this issue.



NIGHT OF THE GIMLI FIENDISH

Sal Volatile investigates the latest US cult classic,
TALES FROM THE GIMLI HOSPITAL



From the burgeoning school of Winnipeg Prairie Surrealism comes this legend of a movie that's already broken big on the influential New York Midnight Movie circuit.

Guy Maddin has put together an experimentalist pastiche film that somehow roams through the best bits of **TIUNDERCRACK**, **SINGAPORE SLING**, **LULU**, **BIRTH OF A NATION** and **TWIN PEAKS**. As **SHOCK XPRESS** perfectly summed it up: "an eerie silent movie (mix of nostalgia and expressionist symbolism, strained through a contemporary filter of Nineties awareness".

Originally made over a few months for \$22,000 (partly in Maddin's auntie's beauty salon), the plot involves the weird working out of obscure Nordic myths in a series of tales told by the unfortunate sufferers of an even more unfortunate skin affliction in Gimli Hospital at the turn of the century.

Einar, a lonely fisherman, is stricken with pestilence and meets Gunnar in his ward. Eventually, rivalry over their affections for the amazing Gimli nurses (soon to set fashion trends throughout the West with their brilliant costuming) added to a series of mysterious personal revelations, locks the two men in a battle to defend their honour. The film ends on a melancholy note as Einar is eventually cleansed but returns to his lonely fishing

cabin with a fairytale vision of Heaven giving a glimpse of a potentially better life beyond Gimli's eerie confines.

Maddin has said of his approach in **...GIMLI...:** "I'm working towards beauty, placidity and exquisite strangeness". He's not wrong. It's going to become a galling truism which will follow him around for the rest of his career, but this is the first movie able to perfectly create its own fantastical cinematic world since **ERASERHEAD** became one of the greatest movies ever made.

No description of **...GIMLI...** can really give any idea of the extraordinary atmosphere the whole work has. Granted, it's probably twice as long as it should be, but the mixing of film styles and recreation of period film-stocks is little short of genius.

...GIMLI... has all the haunted ambience and far away glory of a turn of the century picture - except that it does have a soundtrack. And this is the other major part of the piece - often the sounds in the film are old scratchy 78's, or sometimes snatches of dialogue, but as often as not they can be crazed old Icelandic speeches deliberately synched out of time with the speakers. All the way through, a solid swell of rumbling old-time soundtrack noise rolls away as background sound, convincing you that you must be witnessing something from

generations ago.

Not that this kind of thing - broadly - hasn't been done before. **THE RUTLES**, **DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID** and various Harry Enfield sketches have all attempted to make up film pastiches. But never has a work of late twentieth century surrealism come as close to the original power of Bunuel or Dali in its overall conception.

Imagine an old lost work of Icelandic Expressionism (*is there such a thing...?* - *Ed*) gone awry and mislaid in the wrong time capsule, and you'll almost capture the fragrance. There are constant close-ups of wacky facial expressions; constant fish metaphors; synchronised swimming excerpts; black and white minstrel sections; mad costume and set designs; wrenching melodramas; buttock wrestling scenes; crude surgical procedure and demented multiple flashbacks involving more soft focus surrealism than a man can reasonably shake a stick at.

If Kenneth Anger had hijacked **APROPOS DE NICE** and shook it up with sickness, he might have ended up with **...GIMLI...**. It's too long and diffuse to be a true masterpiece but by Christ it blows **DELICATESSEN** out of the water of contemporary art-house curios. Maddin has made an important new mark in cinema, and Lynch could soon be looking to his laurels. And you must remember this..."it all happened in a Gimli we no longer know".

WOMAN ON THE VERGE OF ARTRAGEOUS SHAKEDOWN

David Flint talks to Cosey Fanni Tutti



Photo: © CTI

Cosey Fanni Tutti started out as a porno model, before graduating into performance art with Genesis P. Orridge as the notorious *Coum Transmissions*. Their live shows included assorted bodily functions, used tampon displays and sadomasochistic rituals.

After this, Cosey and Genesis teamed up with Peter "Sleazy" Christopherson and Chris Carter to form the seminal *Throbbing Gristle*, the band who originated the Industrial sound. Throughout the late seventies, TG influenced a whole generation of bands, performers and filmmakers with their extreme sound and multi-media performances.

After TG, Chris and Cosey began to produce a series of recordings, each different in style and approach. Often working with a variety of collaborators, they quickly proved to be almost impossible to categorise. They also continued to explore the visual art scene, experimenting with video presentations.

I spoke to Cosey in May of this year.

Let's start with all the usual stuff. How did THROBBING GRISTLE come about?

I was with Genesis [P. Orridge] at the time, and we were working with *Coum Transmissions* doing performance work, and John Lacey was working with us at the time. He was also working on separate projects with Chris, and Chris came down to the house, and we were talking about doing music with the performances, because we had a lot of acoustic drums and stuff like that at the time with the performance work - we didn't use language at all. Chris was building his synthesisers and stuff at the time, so we arranged to meet up, and for him to bring his gear down and just see what happened. TG was born, really, within about a week after that.

What was the initial concept behind it?

We wanted to do some kind of electronic music, and Chris' ability to build stuff, and the inventiveness of it all meant that we could actually do something different - which is what we wanted to do. Because at the time we were doing a lot of contact

mic'd performances, so that the actual actions were the music to the pieces. So what he could give us was quite interesting, and it would mean that we went forward with what we were doing. So TG didn't have an aim at the beginning, other than just doing what we wanted to do - they were just improvised pieces. Then we said - as you do when you just sit round - "it'd be good if we had an album to show our grandchildren, wouldn't it?". And that is basically where it sprang from. We said "yeah, let's do one". That's how **SECOND ANNUAL REPORT** came into being.

So there wasn't a grand master plan?

Not at all, we just thought we'd just be mischievous and do something that basically, people would say "oh God, turn it off!". At the time, if you remember, a lot of what was going on was Boney M. and all that kind of music - really tacky disco stuff, and Bee Gees and leftovers from that. We were sick to death of all that. Also, what was happening shortly after was all the punk thing. We knew McLaren and his rival, John Cravine who had *BOY* down the Kings Road - they were in competition with each other and they both had a band as well. He had the Sex Pistols, who Sleazy was doing promo shots for, and we knew John Cravine, so TG between us all knew the two different versions of punk, if you like. But all this energy was going on at the time, and it just fed into one another, always. You just sort of bounced ideas off, all the way around. There was *Alternative TV* coming up, the Cabs (*Cabaret Voltaire to you uneducated swine...Ed.*), Clock DVA - all sorts going on. So we just went from one project to another, and got more mischievous, really.

Did you ever expect to have as much influence as you ultimately did?

No, not at all, we were quite shocked. I mean, we did seven hundred and odd copies of the first album, thinking "well, if it takes us five years to sell 'em, that doesn't matter, because all we want is it just to sit in our record collection as being an album by us". And they went really quick (laughs). We couldn't keep up with

[[Throbbing Gristle] became something it was never meant to be. We were quite anti pop heroes or any cult heroes like that, even to the point where punk became what we didn't like in the end. People started putting everyone on a pedestal, thinking they were something special, and the whole idea was that anyone could do it, you know...music is like anything to all different people, it doesn't have to follow a formula at all.]]

demand in the end. So that's why we licensed it to Fetish, so they could carry on doing it and actually bring another label into being, independent to anyone else - again, like spawn all these little independent camps going on all over the place. That's what started off Rough Trade records as well, because they were just a record shop at the time. It inspired them to do their own label. It was a hive of industry, the late Seventies (laughs).

So what made it come to an end?

Because it became something it was never meant to be. We were quite anti pop heroes or any cult heroes like that, even to the point where punk became what we didn't like in the end. People started putting everyone on a pedestal, thinking they were something special, and the whole idea was that anyone could do it, you know...music is like anything to all different people, it doesn't have to follow a formula at all.

You mean you found yourselves becoming Rock Stars?

Yeah! Which was not what we wanted. We wanted to open up all horizons, for information as well as music, any kind of thing performance work, art - just so people knew that they could actually take part and participate rather than sit and be fed. That was the whole idea of TG in the end. Me and Gen at Coum Transmissions were thinking like that anyway, and a lot of our performances were around expanding our own souls, if you like, as well as experiences, and making ourselves more complete as people. And that's what TG became in the end. It became a vehicle to let more people know, because people seem to pick up on music easier than on performance art, it's a different audience totally. You could get the message across to different people - and younger people. There were some very young people slotted into TG and what it was about.

I know, I was one of them.

Yeah (laughs). But it became a beast in the end. We did all these spoofs - we took all these advertising gimmicks people did for Abba and all those people, and used them for TG, and it worked. I mean, it was a nice experiment for us, but it meant that we were overloaded with work, and we couldn't get down and do projects. Me and Chris were working in the mailorder dept, doing all the office work - it was just crazy. So we said "look, let's call it a day". There were personal reasons as well; we couldn't work together anymore.

Which direction did you decide to head in, post TG?

Whatever happened at the time. As long as I'm active creatively, as long as I feel inside that I'm doing something to expand myself, I'm happy, whether it's music, or performance, or writing - anything like that. But we'd already started working on an album of our own anyway, me and Chris, before TG did the last gig in America. When we got back, that's when we did HEARTBEAT.

So it moved as a natural progression...

It did, yeah, because with TG, there were times when Chris would start something off, because he was the main instigator of the music, the sounds came from him because he was the technically able person to produce them. Although he's not trained musically, he had a long history of using electronics and music. Sleazy used to often work with him towards the end as well - they used to start rhythms off. But - we'd be working on some tracks and we'd want them to go in one direction and, more so Gen than Sleazy, didn't want it going that way, or we had to accommodate Gen's vocals that didn't really go with what we'd envisaged the track being like. So we were already beginning to compromise. That was one of the reasons that D.O.A was done, so we could all do our own thing.

So how does your post-TG output compare in your mind with the earlier

work?

I always think of TG musically as being exactly what I wanted it to be for other people. It's knocking down all the preconceived ideas of what music is or can be, or what you expect it to be, and starting from scratch really, but using modern day instrumentation - and old stuff; using anything you like to make sounds. As long as you get something out of it. That's what we wanted to do, and we did that. We experimented with sounds on all levels - psychological, physical. Then we learnt from what we did, and we experimented doing more poppy kinds of things. It's an experience, and everything we do, we do it for that reason.

That's what making records should be about - self expression, rather than having to stick to a tired formula simply because it sells.

Yeah. I just don't want to do that (laughs). There's no point me doing that, there's enough people out there, churning it out. I



Cosey in her days with Throbbing Gristle

don't see the point in that, you're just treading water for the rest of your life. You don't get anything out of it, other than money in the bank. It's comfortable, but...money means nothing when you're not happy with yourself.

I'm surprised you haven't done more video.

Video? We've got a lot of videos here (laughs).

Yeah, but not commercially available.

Well, it's distribution for a start, that's difficult, to get the videos out. We could do it ourselves, but that means you're going to have to start advertising, and we're going to be in the same position as we were with TG, running a big mail-order office and not having time to do much else. Doublevision did it, but went bust, so you start thinking "who's gonna do it who's actually going to get it out there and pay us at the end of the day?". So...we've actually got plans to put videos out. We're going to remix the original videos we did (*EUROPEAN RENDEZVOUS and ELEMENTAL 7*) on one tape, because they need enhancing now. And we've got other tapes we're going to put together as well. But we also want to do another video with its own soundtrack. It's just finding the bloomin' time (laughs).

You've stopped touring. Why?

Well, a few reasons. If you go out there to the clubs and you're on the road, the only thing that makes it pleasant is the people you're with, and some of the people that run the clubs are wonderful. But eight out of ten of them, it's just "what's your name? Oh yeah, the band's here...". You're "A Band", and that's not what we're about. We didn't want to get wrapped up in that whole environment. It's just not what our music was done for.

I guess it's also very time-consuming.

An incredible amount of time - and such stress as well (laughs), it's unbelievable. Because we don't have managers...we have a tour manager and agency in America and Europe when we tour, but you still have to co-ordinate here. You just take the studio apart twice a year.

The reason i mentioned video was because the visual aspect of your work has always seemed just as important as the music, and not touring would leave a big gap there.

Yeah, they are, and that's another reason we said that's it with touring now, because

the clubs are geared up for video, but they're all on these little monitors around the club monitors in the bar, or in the toilets, or wherever - but there's no visual display. A couple of clubs are fantastic. There's a club in Chicago, and they have three twelve foot screens across the stage. Whenever we play there, it's *exactly* how we want it to be, and that's our perfect venue, if you like. They have fantastic P.A. and these three huge screens, so you know that the visuals you've prepared are actually going to have the dynamics that you wanted them to have, instead of this little 4 x 5 screen that's got to be put to one side because they can't get it high enough, or the ceiling's too low, or stupid things like that. But it means a lot if someone hasn't seen you for five years, and they come out and it's just a make-do, makeshift gig. I'd just sooner have not bothered.

So you were being treated like a run-of-the-mill band?

Yeah...but any standard band deserves better treatment than that as well. I'm not saying we're anything special. It's just that we do actually demand more facilities than most bands. But attitudes are all wrong at the moment, there's got to be a happy medium between the spectacle of Madonna and just the drumkit and guitars. There is scope for different kinds of shows.

You were among the pioneers when it came to presenting a more visually stimulating show.

We always thought it's weird that people come and sit and more or less say "go on then" as you're up on the stage. It's not what shows for us are about. It's about "here we all are then", not "here I am, watch me". We're all there together,



Chris and Cosey

and part of what they feel is going to come out in the music. Even more so when we improvised, but there's still an element of improvisation in the work we do now, even though we use more structured tapes and things. If the audience are strange, you get a strange atmosphere. You're very aggressive towards them (laughs), well, I am anyway. It depends how the audience are, still, as to how you are on stage. But visuals are very important, and I'd still like to just be behind the screen, because being a woman on stage, people do look and expect you to be a certain way, and you still get the equivalent of the man up there on stage and the girl stood there gobsomack. You do get that and it's really quite disturbing. It trivialises things for me, really, when people are like that. I wish they'd keep it to themselves, you know (laughs).

What sort of audience reaction did your shows generally get?

It's strange. I mean, in America, they're crazy. You immediately know that they're having a good time because it's bedlam and they're all over the place. But in Europe, it's very cerebral. It's a very quiet, respectful audience. And then, at the very end you'll hear what they think of it. It's very unpredictable, it's weird.

It must be quite unerving.

It is. I remember a gig in Berlin, and they're very aloof - a "seen it all" kind of place, Berlin is. And they were going mad! Someone said "I've never seen people behave like this before". And then you can go and play there again and they'll be pretty quiet, then applaud and go mad at the end. Unpredictable, totally.

Your work has a lot of "taboo" images.

Yeah - I think that the audience reaction has a lot to do with what visuals we're showing, because you notice them looking they stand and their eyes are open, their mouths are open, and you think "I wonder which bit of the video they're looking at now?" (laughs). We use a lot of random chance in the videos sometimes. Some parts are structured to particular pieces that we do, and others parts we go for accidental images coming in, which are really weird, because they work perfectly sometimes. It's really good. You get people asking about them afterwards - "why did you use that? It's sexist", or something like that.

What offends people mainly?

We did one video, I think it was about two

or three years ago, and we showed a lot of sado-masochistic images - male and female, they weren't just in one direction at all.

Always guaranteed to upset people.

We also showed with them, all mixed together, all the best clips that people always remember from all the horror films. Simulated gore, if you like. Nothing was real. And all these things were mixed in to make people realise that what's accepted on one level as entertainment, they don't accept as reality on another. Obviously, they missed the point completely. Some people knew, they saw the conflict of the images, but others didn't. We had a girl track us down - she followed us all the way to the hotel in Frankfurt, quite distressed about it (laughs). I said "look, what's the problem? It's not gratuitous violence. If it was, we'd have shown you real violence with no explanation at all, one after the other." That's a real assault to me, and quite insulting as well, to expect people to see that kind of imagery. What we wanted to show them was the way film-makers manipulate them emotionally, where they won't accept reality in the same way. Here's the reality of the sado-masochistic sex and the normal sex, we had all the

Violence and sex are real triggers to people. But when people come to see the show, all that we are about is the reality of life. If we want to make some kind of statement, then we're going to make it. We're not going to insult or assault anybody's senses in that way. I don't see it like that.

different variations you could think of, so that every nuance was catered for - and then we played our music.

People do seem terrified of seeing real sex. It's like it should remain hidden, unseen and undiscussed.

That's right. Violence and sex are real triggers to people. But when people come to see the show, all that we are about is the reality of life. If we want to make some kind of statement, then we're going to make it. We're not going to insult or

assault anybody's senses in that way, I don't see it like that. I think Skinny Puppy do that; I think that bands go out and are very violent in their presentation. You can see that the only thought that's gone into it is "what will shock?". What will make people, not gasp so much as even be sick. That, to me, is destructive, it's not creative at all. And it doesn't take anyone anywhere. It doesn't make them think, it just makes them shut off, and that's why we like a little bit of subtlety in our videos, so that people actually go into a thought process instead of shut down.

Have you had any legal problems with any of your video presentations?

Yeah, we did in England. We did UK Electronica, of all things (laughs), I think it must've been five or six years ago it was the last gig we played in England because of all that. We showed one of the videos that we'd taken all around Europe, and into Canada and America - we had to submit it to the authorities in Canada to be able to show it in the clubs, so you can see what kind of hypocrisy there is. Some bloke came into the show - it was in a bar, and you have these stupid rules that if it's a club, only over-eighteens can go in. He took his ten year old kid in, and complained that there was an erection in there. So the police were called, and we'd gone by then. Two days later, the police came to our house, searched the place and took stuff away. Six months after that we got the stuff back saying there'd be no prosecution.

Six months is long enough to put a lot of people out of business.

I think they thought we were producing pornographic videos. That's what the guy had more or less told them. When they came here and they saw the equipment and everything, they realised that we were actually quite serious about what we did, and we weren't some kind of porn video merchants. The police here were actually very nice; they're different to the police in the cities. But the police in Stafford - they wanted to prosecute us.

The problem is that the whole legal process is so long winded and confusing. It seems to depend on the personal whim of whoever's in charge.

This was at the time when they were changing a lot of the laws on videos, they took STRAW DOGS off the market and things like that. I thought, "oh God, here goes". It's a weird one. I don't want to be a test case for a new video law (laughs).

I've got other things to do...

Why do you use so much fetish imagery?

I don't think of it so much as fetish imagery. That's what I really like. It's not something like, I like black tights rather than red ones, or anything like that. It's just something that is part of me. It's an extension of what appeals to me, because that's what I am like. I'm not into these Ann Summers type rubbish, you know (laughs). Nylon nighties just don't turn me on! But I don't know what...it must've been in me at some point, but a lot of that came out during the performances that I used to do. We did one called **COMING OF AGE**, years ago - that's when we met Sleazy - at the ICA. It was all to do with sexual imagery, and all the nice side of sex, like a pretty girl on a swing, and all the things that you get. Then we took it to Amsterdam and did the other side of the sex scene (laughs). That's where Sleazy came in. We had whipping on crucifixes and all things like that.

Lovely!

It was! And I realised that I actually enjoyed that more than anything else (laughs), so that was it. There was no turning back after that.

SM is still pretty much misunderstood, especially here in Britain, where it remains a forbidden subject. The whole concept seems to freak people out.

I think that's where a lot of peoples' problems arise. people go too far, because they've not learned to enjoy a more

physical, painful side of sex. The pain of sex is part of the pleasure. People say sex isn't painful, but it's a kind of pain you can't define. The pain of penetration is a pain in itself. You can't say it tickles you, can you? (laughs)

It's a naturally violent act.

It is, yeah. But it's a pleasurable pain. But people can't handle that, and if anything goes further than that, they think it's being brutal and someone is being violent towards you, and that's not always the case. They don't know how to handle pain, and what degrees give certain satisfaction. They often go over the top because they've never had the experience of dealing with it for long enough or experimenting with it, so they're frightened. They think you're immediately going to tie them up and whip them until they bleed to death (laughs). That's not the case at all.

Of course, according to the law, you don't have the right to want to be whipped silly anyway.

No, it's someone else's decision whether you should want that, isn't it? That is totally wrong. There must be loads of people around the country that are actually doing something illegal just by saying "hurt me".

Unless you're a throw-back like a boxer, in which case it's fine.

Exactly. I think it's because it's men being Men, knocking the hell out of each other. Years ago, men were supposed to do that.

But it's not accepted if it's meant to be pleasurable, if you know what I mean (laughs). As long as you don't enjoy it, that's the weird thing. Someone once said to me about someone I know that they enjoyed doing something until they found out that the person they were doing it to enjoyed it... then they felt like they'd been really had. They felt they were getting their high on doing something to someone who didn't want them to do it. In actual fact, they'd been manipulated themselves. it was a nice double twist... I thought that was quite nice.

It's well known that the dominant partner in an SM relationship has to do all the real work...they put a lot of effort into giving their partner what they want.

You have to know how far to go as well. And also, if you're not in the mood at the time...if you want to be submissive yourself, I think that's perfect, if you can switch roles completely. That's necessary for me. I couldn't take a submissive person, they just bore me to tears. I have to have someone who can be both people to me. It's important for me to know that a man can be submissive as well, and it's also important to know that he knows what it feels like to be penetrated and to be submissive to me. Because that, to me, means that a man is more rounded in his sexuality as well. he has knowledge all the way, then, of what pleasure a woman can have and what pleasure he can give to a woman, because he knows the sensations in both respects. but not all men would agree... (laughs).

I think I know one or two who wouldn't...can we talk about your modelling work? What was that like?

It was weird at first, because I did all different sides of the modelling scene. I did these seamy camera clubs they used to have. That's where I started out, and that was really dodgy. You'd feel really seedy and quite horrible.

Was it a lot of Dirty Old Men without any film in their cameras?

Yeah, exactly...and dressing up in those nylon Baby doll's clothes and shit like that. You're basically there for someone to go and live out their fantasies to a certain extent, without any sort of physical contact. They pretend to take photographs, and go away and wank, I presume. I remember a girl saying to me at the time, "if you do this for a month, you will never get anything as bad as this again, everything from then on will be great!". And after a month, I said "you're



Photo: © CTI

right, everything else has got to be better than this!" (laughs). But it was an education, to say the least. I went from there onto doing magazine work, I did films as well...I did the car show - you know, bikini-clad on cars - doing little dance routines at the exhibitions, jumping out of cakes...

That must've been quite a strange experience.

It was *all* strange! But you become someone else, and that's what I liked about it, being able to be a chameleon, in a way. And the education that you received sexually is really good, I found. What I got out of it was the fact that I learned so much about men, and it was really good. I remember I did a lecture in Leeds, and someone said to me "how can you say that men are like that?", because I'd said that you see some men the way their wives would never, ever see them - and they wouldn't want to see them like that either. He thought I was being very derogatory towards men, but I said "no, why should I be? They are as they are with male friends. They're relaxed at that time, talking about sex and looking at sex". I love seeing men like that. Sometimes it was bloody awful, but a lot of the time it was nice, because I wouldn't have seen blokes like that.

How did you then make the move into performance art?

I started in Hull, when we used to do street theatre, and they were more comical scenarios really. Then they got a bit more bizarre. We thought "people will stand and watch anything, won't they?". So we used to do the most minimal things, and people would just stand there for up to an hour and watch us doing next to nothing; basically changing seats in slow motion or something silly (laughs). Then we did little environments in Arts Centres - like happenings, really. We'd make it so that people had to climb through tubes to get in, and there'd be all kinds of things going on inside. Then, we got fed up with that because you'd get people coming in and just destroying it - they'd just go loony for an hour and leave. So we thought "well, that's it. We won't give them that kind of freedom, we'll have to structure it a bit more". Then we went on to do things where people would actually sit quietly and watch what we did. But all of the performances we did, artwise, were challenges to ourselves.

What do you think of current performance art?

I don't think they've changed an awful lot since we were doing it in the Seventies. They're just churning over the same old ground. The only stuff I see now is stuff that I hated *then*, which is pretentious crap, pretending to be political or pretending to be aware sexually, or aggressive performances...but they don't say much to me at all, other than the fact that these people think "well this'll be interesting, this'll stir a few people up...it's a good venue to be taken seriously in and I can do a lot of art-documentation with this and sell a few photos" (laughs). I'm very cynical about the art scene...

Do you think people are still taken in by the same things as they were twenty years ago?

I hope not. That's one of the reasons we stopped doing it, because people weren't seriously questioning their motives or what they were doing, they were presenting things that could be sold rather than things that said anything and did anything. You've got to have something they can sell in the art business, and our performances you couldn't sell. All you could sell were the remains, and they would rot within a few days (laughs), so they were no use. There's one person I do like - Helen Chadwick. I like what she does.



Photo: © CTI

What about music? Do you follow modern trends? Do you care about what's in the charts at all? Does your work have any connection to it?

Only in maybe some of the rhythms, but the lyrics and the content and structure I don't think are anything like it. I can appreciate some of the records that are out - not many, about one out of every thousand, I think (laughs) - but they don't do much for me at all. I have to be moved

emotionally when I play music. I *do* like some of the Rave stuff they do, from a physical point of view. It makes you want to move, and I love that - just to forget everything and physically just drain yourself is great. I think that music has more purpose than some of the other stuff that's around.

It's produced for a specific reason.

Yeah, exactly. And it does its job, and I think that's great. Some of the sounds I think are naff, but for an energy kind of sound, I think that's good. I don't mind that at all. The original house music got me like that as well. Not what it became....(laughs).

All innovation is quickly watered down for mass consumption, it seems. Is there a glib label we can put on your music?

We tend to have a thing where we want to do what feels good to us at the time, and if it doesn't sound right, we just dump it. If we're working on a piece for more than three days, we say "that's it, let's go onto something else", and maybe come back to it later, or completely restructure it. But we don't work on anything that isn't happening at all. It's very difficult, because you do get pressure from people, labels that you work with, they want another EXOTIKA or whatever, and you've moved on since then. You're talking about that formula again, you know - "we liked that formula, that worked well...". But that's not what we're doing it for.

So what's the next project from Chris and Casey?

We just finished doing a remix for Erasure, actually...talking about the charts...that was an education, that was good fun, we had to do a hard mix that you want to dance to, so it was really nice for us to do that. It was an old Abba song, so Chris was really in his element there. We had four to choose from, so we picked SOS and did a remix of that. It was a rush job as well, but it was good fun. We had SOS coming out of the walls of the studio over and over again...we were working on our album up to then; we took a week off to do that, and now we'll be going back to the album.

THE LOVERS' GUIDE 2

Sex education or vanilla fantasies for post-yuppie porn fans?
Cherry Maraschino investigates...

The first **LOVERS' GUIDE** tape broke the mould over what we can and cannot see on video here in Britain; for the first time, uncensored real live sex could be seen legally, thanks to the "educational" value of the tape. Selling the best part of half a million copies guaranteed a flood of imitators, and the inevitable sequel.

In fact, **THE LOVERS' GUIDE 2** is the second in what is now being promised as a series of tapes dealing with all aspects of sexuality. This episode, though, seems content to simply retread the same ground as covered by the first tape. It's less a sequel than a retread of volume one.

The expressed aim of the video(s) is to help couples reach a better sexual understanding, but they are marketed primarily at women, oddly enough. Whether this is because the makers feel that women need more help in this area

than men - surely not! or because men will buy a sex video anyway, whereas women need more encouragement, I couldn't say. But this *assumption* about what women want leads inevitably to the tape's downfall, as we'll see later. But first - what do we learn in today's lesson?

The tape opens with a written warning about safe sex, stating that although couples in the film are seen having unprotected sex, you shouldn't really try it at home. If that's the case, then perhaps it would've been better to show condoms being used throughout...but perhaps that wouldn't have been quite as aesthetically pleasing. After this warning, up pops our host, Dr Andrew Stanway, a eloquently overbearing and breathlessly enthusiastic fellow whose bobbing body and waving hands quickly passes being irritating to become thoroughly annoying. Thankfully, he spends the remainder of the tape as a

mere voice-over, sharing the narration with a woman. As scenes of beautiful and fulfilled couples float across the screen, Dr Stanway expounds his vision of the sexual Valhalla that we are about to enter into. Lips smacking and juices flowing with anticipation, I sat back to be well and truly educated.

The tape is split, amusingly, into Chapters. Chapter One deals with sexual communication. As couples discuss how they can (or can't) talk about their sexual needs to their partners, Dr Stanway arrives at a remarkable conclusion: to make a relationship work, we must listen to our partners' needs. But if that was all it took, this video would be very short and very unerotic, and I doubt if it would sell too well. So we move swiftly into Chapter Two, "Planning Erotic Times". Aha! This sounds more like it, you might think. If so, think again. Spontaneous sex, that



wonderful and elating experience, is out. Instead, you should spend the best part of your life building up to the magical moment. Dr Stanway suggests a "sensual holiday" (ask for one at your travel agent) to rekindle those apparently lost romantic feelings. He also recommends the full romance trip - evenings out, sending flowers, buying gifts of erotic lingerie, and so on. All very well, but it doesn't leave much time to actually get down to the nitty gritty of sex. I'm all in favour of romance, but in moderation - follow these rules, and you'll be in a permanent state of preparation for an event that will rarely take place.

This chapter also introduces us to sensual massage. Wait a minute - wasn't that covered in the first tape? Well, like most everything else discussed here, yes it was, but let's not pick holes in Dr Stanway's masterplan for sexual fulfillment. Maybe he thinks we need refreshing.

Chapter 3 covers foreplay, which we're reminded to use safe sex techniques for. It's a pretty wide ranging subject, so it's fitting that this segment should be the longest on the tape, as the doctor guides us through the world of "non-penetrative pleasuring". We kick off with kissing, gentle biting (*everything* is gentle in this tape), the unerotic sounding (though in fact great fun) "tongue battles" and body licking. Mutual masturbation comes next, and after seventeen minutes of soft sex, we are rewarded with our first sight of a hard-on, being stroked and rubbed by the guy's female partner. As we drink in this visual treat, Dr Stanway reminds us that the penis can be sensitive and that we should use plenty of lubrication. Then, we move into "sucking off", as the female narrator describes it, and hey girls, guess what? You don't have to just suck it! We never knew that, now did we? Licking the head of the cock will apparently put your man into the throes of ecstasy. Those of you nervous about swallowing cum are reassured, though I have to admit that the comparisons to the taste of oysters did throw me somewhat...

Guys are then shown, via diagram inserts, how to bring their partner off. We see rather inexplicit finger-fucking and G-spot stimulation, followed by that old favourite cunnilingus. Then, we're warned that although fellatio is often called a "blow job", we should NEVER actually blow, as it is fraught with danger. These dangers aren't elaborated on, and so we're left to guess what the tragic results might be - will our partner expand

like a balloon? Will his guts be blown out of his backside? We need to know!

Other fun foreplay activities include rubbing honey and ice (though not at the same time) over the body, and vibro-wanking. It seems that we should only insert scientifically designed sex toys into our pussies, girls, so I'm afraid you'll have to put those bananas, cucumbers and other makeshift hole-probes away...

Chapter Four finally arrives at intercourse. Again supported by diagrams, the sex scenes here are oddly soft - you can't see very much at all, especially in comparison to the first tape's close-up penetration shots. We're told that a too-lengthy dick can cause pain, though what can be done about it I don't know chop a few inches off before sex, perhaps?

Chapter Five is prematurely ejaculated onto us, with it's advice on "creative lovemaking". Variety and experimentation is encouraged, which is nice - but none of these positions are very new to me, I'm afraid. The emphasis is on depth of penetration and physical comfort, and this desire for variety continues into Chapter Six - "beyond the bedroom". Surely even the most sexually ignorant people must be aware that there are other places to fuck in apart from your bed, though? Well, perhaps not. Sex "al fresco" is covered, as is sex in the car and on the beach. We're reminded to take care not to risk offending anyone, of course, which seems to suggest a basic ignorance of just what makes outdoor sex so thrilling; the very risk of being caught at it is a real turn on, after all.

Sex games crop up in Chapter Seven.

This might sound promising, but it doesn't really go anywhere. Starting off with nude polaroids, it moves onto dressing up, which *has* potential. A variety of costume ideas are mentioned, but the couple on screen are wearing nothing more adventurous than evening wear. How incredibly dull! Striptease is similarly thrown away before we move into - gasp - physical restraint. Don't get too excited though - there are no whips and chains put to use here. Instead, a girl ties her man up with a pretty coloured scarf before sucking his cock. Tame as it is, it's certainly better than the boring body painting that follows.

What fun there has been so far is brought shudderingly to a halt with Chapter Eight, though, which covers "safer sex and first nights". Those awkward first dates start it off, with romantic overload. As a couple gaze, dewy-eyed, at each other over a candlelit dinner, Dr Stanway launches into something akin to a fifties education film, as he outlines first date etiquette - don't dress too sexily (he might think you're "easy"), don't drink too much (he might think you're a lush worse still, you might forget yourself and lose your honour!). If you *do* sleep with a man as a one night stand (you jezebel), be prepared for impotence, the stress and guilt can stop him from being able to get it up. But if he *can* raise the titanic, don't let him even *think* about doing anything kinky.

Safe sex techniques demonstrated include putting a condom on even for cocksucking, I'm afraid - and cunnilingus is ruled out (making all that earlier



instruction rather redundant). We're also shown the female condom - a rather cumbersome and extremely unglamorous affair.

After all this, it's quite apt that Chapter Nine should deal with "overcoming boredom". The answer seems to be "must try harder". Without a doubt...

The main problem I have with **THE LOVERS' GUIDE** tapes and this second one in particular - is that they are just too damn nice! Everything is very soft-focus, gentle and unthreatening. I guess this is part of the plan to sell to the female market, but goddammit, we girls like a little passion as well! While I certainly don't want that ugly pumping, thrusting heavy metal-backed sex seen in the average porn tape, I would like to see some enthusiasm, some desperation, some sweat. The "ecstatic" couples often look as though they're about to nod off. And they're all stereotyped middle class twenty-somethings, rather plastic characters that it's pretty hard to relate to.

One couple at least return from the first tape, and they are the best thing here. Not only do they actually look as though they're enjoying sex, but they seem to be quite good at it! More power to them. There is one woman this time around who looks to be heading towards middle age. I suspect her appearance is a token gesture towards the justifiable complaints that the performers in the first tape were all young, beautiful things, rather than "real people". Those who complained that the first tape concentrated entirely on heterosexual vanilla sex will be equally disappointed here. I guess various kinky activities wouldn't have met with censor approval, and gay footage might've damaged sales figures which at the end of the day is what this is all about. There are no cum shots either, so the mysteries of ejaculation will have to remain just that: a mystery.

I also find the narration rather cloying. Perhaps this is inevitable in any educational programme, but I feel as though I'm being condescended to.

Perhaps that wouldn't be so bad if the video was telling me anything that I didn't already know, but it isn't. But then, I guess I'm the exception. As has been suggested by our illustrious editor, Britain is a hotbed of sexual ignorance, and we shouldn't assume that simply because we know all about it, that everyone else does too. In a country where cock-sucking is seen as a perverted act by a frighteningly large number of people, tapes like **THE LOVERS' GUIDE** should be encouraged, whatever artistic and erotic flaws they might have. And of course, their gradual erosion of the laws governing what we can and cannot see is of great importance. Bland as it is, **THE LOVERS' GUIDE 2** does contain highly explicit sexual activity. For that reason alone, it deserves a round of applause. But the series owes it to both itself and its viewers to break out of the bland rut it has become stuck in, and to offer a more interesting examination of what is, after all, the most enjoyable activity around.

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THE DEVIL RIDES OUT

Cathy Pacific clears the drains with James Havoc,
the Young Turk of ultra-transgression

After James Havoc's initial cataclysmic appearance on the fiction scene with his **RAISM** volume a couple of years ago, the follow-up collection of stories, **SATANSKIN**, develops an even wider selection of psychotic reactions.

This time around his short story format looks fairly conventional, but the content and style are characteristically crazed.

Havoc's prose is a kind of civil manitou crossover between Niek Cave, Mervyn Peake and Iain Sinclair - a language of doomed sepulchral croaks and obscene eloquence. There isn't a paragraph that doesn't contain some batches of flaming phrasology or some livid well of brilliance.

The construction of the work is incredibly dense. The sentences bear down on each other like sedimentation, causing weird conceptual fissures to crack out all over the surfaces of the stories.

And this is obsessive writing to the max. Writing that virtually preys on itself and rounds on the sources of its own narratives: the adult fairy tale tradition of Angela Carter and Anne Rice. In fact, **SATANSKIN** inhabits a netherworld of writing - world of almost Sadean negation which at times nearly becomes a latrine of prose straight through your forehead.

The rush of poetic excerpts that swarm together as storylines cover a multitude of dark fantasies - impossible to describe them all plausibly, but suffice to say that one typical work involves a cursed unfortunate covered in gaping vulvas!

As a literary bestiary of gratuitous sexual horrors, **SATANSKIN** is up there with **120 DAYS OF SODOM** genuinely infernal and densely black.

Havoc has summoned up an invocation to all our demon brothers!

What Kenneth Anger was to the Rolling Stones, James Havoc is to Primal Scream, right now at their enervated plush-fucked best. Anger was a kind of non-aligned dark muse (similar to Manson's lurid links with the Beach Boys) and Havoc's relationship with Bobby Gillespie and Creation Records' cecstadelic head honcho Alan Mages has all the trappings of just such a warped symbiosis.

What Havoc feeds off, where he retreats to and what makes his written time-bomb tick, is shrouded in about seven shades of mystery. Always anxious to propound the latest in brutarian aesthetics, Havoc is bang up to date in his fictive concerns that find form in a kind of writing best tagged as "putrefaction". In this genre, sentence and phrase structures become dense enough to melt down through the cadaverous heat of their own intensity. There is a definite moral reck that comes off the page in a welter of dark fantasy and obscene exploration.

Havoc himself has the classic appearance of the mischievous, upending cherub - though slightly too well rounded

to pass as the standard immaculate consumptive. The misdirecting softness of his accent and features keep you feeling he's more centred and humanistic than is ever evident in his writing. Only when he tells you about the knife and glass scars stencilled over his body as a result of various carnal mishaps do you really believe he's actually edged out into the areas he constantly keeps tabs on.

In the modern way, Havoc's links with any school of writers or artists previous to himself is heatedly denied. Professing complete disinterest in almost every cultural artifact other than the Tokyo metropolis and **INAUGURATION OF THE PLEASURE DOME**, his one



guiding lifestyle ethos seems to be the example of Sid Vicious. Not in a mohawk and ripped tartan way more the idea of a wholly self-contained impulse to blind rage!

In the course of this exclusive interview for *DIVINITY*, Havoc consumed eight pints in his local hostelry and was roaring on strong and probably about to plunge through his talking-in-tongues routine before your scribe recoiled and pressed "pause". This is Havoc red in tooth and claw, and ready to rip...

Give us the raw Havoc biographicals. Where did it all start?

I first started writing when I was eleven or twelve. I was always obsessed by it. Locked up in my bedroom, which is where I lived for about twenty years.

Where were you living?

Nowhere interesting. Darkest England, in the country. I remember running around the fields chasing cats - communing with them, making friends with them. *Where you an only child?* I've got no family whatsoever. I'm just completely isolated in time and space. Totally isolated. I've got some sort of distant relatives hanging round but I don't think they quite understand what makes me tick.

What happened to you in your room for those twenty years?

Well, I was only there during the daytime. At night-time I used to run round the fields pagan moon-worshipping.

Is that how you started on your occult kick?

That all actually started round puberty. I think the link between people and the moon is very sexual - especially around the onset of puberty. Also, I was influenced by a lot of old horror films and by Burroughs. Ballard too. They had a profound effect on me as a youngster. I loved the old Universal horror films. I really liked the black aesthetic of them - those films have a lot of expressionist type visual poetry to them. They're really under-rated. Both the *FRANKENSTEIN* films of the time are expressionist masterpieces.

Was DRACULA (the novel) ever a reference point, all that compressed eroticism?

No, no. The book's too much to wade through. I'm a bad reader. I give up. I can't even write proper books - I keep them short cos I get so bored. All the stories in *SATANSKIN* could've been

ten/twenty pages but I can't stand that, so I said it all in two or three. I don't enjoy the physical act of writing all that much.

What was happening to you at school during your early years?

I had a nervous breakdown at thirteen. I was in bed for ages. All caused by intense hormonal problems probably. I blacked out, I don't remember the symptoms at all - it was a little eclipse of the soul. Profound depression. Lots of intense changes going on. I can't even remember who looked after me. I do remember being immobile in a bed in a large country house. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. I think it's good if it gets you whilst you're young. I feel really good for it now - feel like a god. You're really sensitive about your family and past

It's a natural mechanism. You've got to re-invent yourself after suffering the tortures of the damned. Like Sid Vicious!

Say about school - how formative an experience was it?

I was told I was in the top six percent of intelligent people in the country. It was a pseudo public school. You used to be beaten a lot with big sticks.

That kind of uni-sex/pan-erotic environment emerges a lot in your stories

I think I'm like De Sade in that respect. I guess I just prefer the anus to the frontal genitalia.

How did you eventually come through your breakdown?

Well, you're just a basket case for ages, then you recover. You know, "what doesn't kill you makes you stronger". Once you pass through it you're wholly self-sufficient. Still very isolated however.

In what way were you isolated?

I just find people disgusting. And probably vice-versa. But I've always met people on the way on my own wavelength. I think that's just how you do meet people. Everything eventually intersects.

You mentioned Sid Vicious. What was the link-in there?

Pure aesthetics, man. He was a beautiful lad. I like stuff that approximates to poetry. That was his life.

Does music impinge on your stuff a lot?

My writing's always very rhythmic. Maybe that's why it's always got to be condensed. I hate things that don't follow rhythm. It bugs me. Burroughs has a very tight rhythm in amongst all the madness. Each story to me has a beginning, a

middle and an end, and a plot. I know a lot of people haven't got into that. It does take a while to find it.

Angela Carter had certain elements in her books that cross with your ideas.

Yeah. I liked her novel *THE BLOODY CHAMBER*. There is a resemblance with her adult fairytales. Mine aren't from that tradition, Ballard's more of a source, his beautiful arcane language. It's very satisfying.

Did your breakdown period have any definite follow-on?

Before it I was doing a lot of puerile, obsessive stuff. After the breakdown I was a confirmed anti-intellectual. It all revolted me, hedonism replaced it. I'm an alcoholic obviously, not chronic, but it's in my blood 'cos my grandmother's Irish, collective consciousness or something. I am a pretty obsessive person still, addictive. Alcohol I've always found mindexpanding. It heightens my awareness. I never get depressed on it. It loosens up the brain. I get connections I could never have without it. You can't write when you're drunk, but after, you find you get a lot of random, surrealist poetry. I'm conscious of holding that stuff down very much. Actually, I used to be a top Latin scholar in my county. Very useful for studying and writing. I speak French and German too but they're not my favourites. Useful for going to

I just find people disgusting. And probably vice-versa. But I've always met people on the way on my own wavelength. I think that's just how you do meet people. Everything eventually intersects.

Madagascar though! That's my favourite place. I mean, I've never actually been, but I will this year. I like places that have indigenous wildlife. Twenty-three species of Leema, man! Animals are beautiful, humans are really very ugly. I hate men. I've always wanted to be female. For me, the female anus is a very good thing. Not the male.

Are you still affected by your lunar urges?

You can acquire it as a kind of romanticism. It hits women directly,

obviously. I suspect it leads to sexual violence in men. But I tend to disregard men. They drive your bus and pull your pint, and that's it.

Talking about analis, your writing does have a definite, gleeful smearing quality, doesn't it?

Yeah, Freud says the purest joy an infant can experience is manipulating excrement. It's absurdism. That sums it up quite well. I love absurdism. I don't know if I'll write like that anymore, it's quite literary, you're dragged into deeper loops of meaning. It is quite extreme.

What's the fascination with the historical Gilles De Rais character that your first book relates to?

Again, it's the aesthetic of the whole thing. He's a very romantic figure. I really know very little about him. Henry Miller found him fascinating too. He was born in 1404 into a rich northern French family, became Joan of Arc's general in chief and through an inheritance became the richest man in France. He was awarded lots of medals. Then he dropped out and retired into debauchery. When his funds ran out he took to Satanism to get money. He discovered alchemy and child sacrifice, and supposedly tried to get Satan to make him rich. He was eventually burned at the stake for striking a priest since the authorities couldn't pin anything on him any other way. The whole thing coincides with a lot of my obsessions.

Have you got a Crowley fixation too?

He was a good womaniser and a good traveller. But womanising for me is a sickness though. Not in the sense of the debauchery and the immorality, I like all that. It's just that there's no proper life there. Oblivion is best! Other than snuffling round a farmyard and eating slops that is. For me, that's where alcohol comes in.

What's the interest in travel?

I like America. Russia. Japan. I went there with my friends Primal Scream. But usually I'd go on my own. Leningrad had beautiful graveyards. It was wonderfully West Hampstead. I used to live up there and when we'd go drinking, we'd come back past it - nick parts of it and reassemble the thing in the living room. So we had a partial recreation of it in the house. We'd reconstruct the headstones and stuff. I really like travel because you can just be like a ghost walking through other people. When you're three thousand



James Havoc

miles from home you get a genuine sense of freedom.

How did you meet with Primal Scream?

Met them in 1986. They were my second set of friends. The first lot got boring. I ran into them at gigs. I used to see the Pogues a lot too at that period. Primal Scream were my favourite live experience. I used to work with their original press agent Jeff Barratt in a shop in Bristol. Jeff used to put hands on up there and that's how it all began. We had a shop and the opening party was something like the seventh ever gig by the original Jesus And Mary Chain.

What else had you been involved in at that time?

I think I went to university for about three days but couldn't stand students. Then I DJ'd in a gay night club. Just having a laugh. It was ten years of hedonism - drinking, drugs. Formulating ideas. I got some books out of it. Y'know...I like speaking in tongues the best of all. When you get really incandescent, You get to great heights of inspiration on alcohol. It's a state of pure release, ecstasy. It happens hanging out of a window in Portugal, in a pub. Wherever! If you do that lifestyle you have two different lives - drunk and real life. I don't remember my drunk life

at all. People sometimes tell me but it's always difficult. Nothing of any consequence... one thing is - I hate museums and galleries and theatres. I never see films. No good ones are made anymore. I was never interested in being a published writer. I always used to think that being myself was the greatest thing. Getting drunk, getting smashed, philosophising. I wouldn't be seen dead in an art gallery, man. Being in love with your own brain...people with guitars should be lynched!

What was the last thing you read?

AMERICAN PSYCHO - that was very entertaining. Very easy to read too. I should ideally be able to read a book in the time it takes to drink a pint. The only other book I've read from cover to cover is Ballard. Dickens, Austen... disgusting filth!

Are you intensely dishonest as a person, as a writer even?

No. I don't rob banks. I don't tell many lies. I don't lie in my writing.

What's this new erotic novel that you're working on?

Yeah, I'm writing it with my friend Jayna, who's a blonde witch. "Blonde Magic" is a new concept, like a New Age concept

BB I'd kill without qualms in a back alley if I could get away with it. It's not that I admire psychopaths. I just like the aesthetics of the whole thing. I'm not into moral debates. I'd kill an ugly man - but never a beautiful woman, simple as that. DD

except it goes beyond the parameters of the New Age. It's like a dipstick into the soul. Jayna's got a lot of power. Mostly concentrated in her nipples actually! She's got a lot more power than the average man. "Blonde Magic" is a term of the future. The title of the book is so good I can't reveal it. I also have another book planned about juvenile delinquent American cannibalism. It's a new genre that I think is quite amusing. I'd like to start a human abattoir cos I'm addicted to certain obscenities. I'd round up vagrants and process them. Any fuckers! I don't see anything wrong in cannibalism at all. Y'see, my stories aren't fantasies, they're exorcisms. the fact is you have to live the life of a cockroach or you'll get dragged down. You can't win. You seek out affirmation through self-expression and real life exists in the imagination, in private. Some drugs are beneficial to the process but most are just anaesthetics. I like things that develop the senses and I've always found alcohol very useful like that. You can bounce things round your cranial walls. Actually, I may or may not write another book. Someone'll have to come to me. I won't go to people - you make yourself too vulnerable. We're not only flesh - thought and expression can pulverise something more effectively than a crane. Y'see, my writings are bestial. They're covered in hair. They slaver at midnight!

How do you face up to the prospect of your own death in the light of your preoccupation with killing?

Well, I have a chronic heart condition, so I'll die in a couple of years. It's hereditary unfortunately. I'm as good as dead already. Alcohol thins the blood so that keeps me going. Now and again I feel I'll never die at all. I don't know. But one thing's for sure, I feel nearest to God the closer I am to a female anus.

What are you really talking about in your writing?

Expressing visions of a different world that exists for me. I'm doomed. Cursed. I've had a really easy life but I'm born to conquer and slaughter people. I've a big urge just to shoot people. Put bullets in peoples' heads. I'm not psychopathic but I have been diagnosed as having multiple personalities. I need to go into hypnosis - that would be good for me. I mean, my next door neighbour believes that I sacrifice people in graveyards. He's a cretin, but it amuses me that people think I'm like that. I don't propagate that stuff. There are all these myths spread about that I'm a debauched, sick individual. But y'know, it's natural to want to kill people! I would never kill an animal.

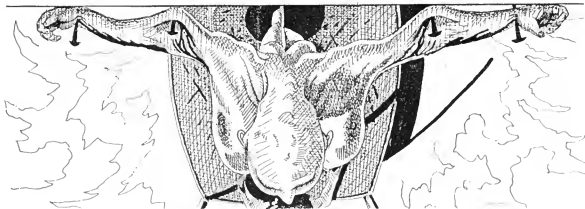
Is there any love in what you do at all?

Listen, I'd kill without qualms in a back alley if I could get away with it. It's not

that I admire psychopaths. I just like the aesthetics of the whole thing. I'm not into moral debates. I'd kill an ugly man - but never a beautiful woman, simple as that. I've no allegiance to the UK, I'm only here because I'm poor. If I did have money I'd go to America. You've got more opportunities to kill people there. I'd consider a career as a serial killer. I'd start at the earliest opportunity. Not randomly. I'd love to get a big gun. A gun is an extension of the arm but it means you don't have to have any bodily contact when you harm someone. Don't have to soil myself on their filthy flesh. I'd rather punch someone from three feet... people I find ugly I'd like to blow away. Anyone who's cheeky. I'm a humanitarian, I'd put people out of their misery - clean, efficient and once removed. I just can't stand other people's flesh. It makes me vomit. You don't want to feel other peoples' flesh giving under pressure. You just want to see it explode. Like magic! Butchery is medieval, man. I hate the sight of blood, makes me feel faint, but guns are the most efficient way of silencing people.

Are you pro-euthanasia?

Yeah, I am that bullet!



MEATHOOK SEED. Art by Mike Philbin

TABOO OR BUST

Moose McGill checks out the *Taboo Film Festival*

Well slap my back and call me Shorty, who: would've thought I'd be eyeballing eight weeks worth of Sicko-tronic features, trailers and other ball busting delights, *all on the big screen*. No more third rate video copies for me - no sir. Not now I've slurped this gunk straight from the Silver Screen.

I checked out every performance of the Taboo Film Festival at the Royal College of Art, and even turned up the week after it was over. Yikes...but beer was twenty pence a pint that night and I wasn't the only sleazehound in the place!

How would I describe this two month festival...eight weeks of inspired lunacy or merely the depths to which gonzo cinema and its lowlife fans can reach? A hopped up mixture of both I suppose...

The first week kicked off with a three and a half hour feast that set my eyeballs into a visual frenzy. First off the bat was **APROPOS DE NICE**, an arty, silent surrealist short from the twenties. This baby has to be one of the grandfathers of Mondo, with plenty of skirt leering and acerbic wit. The roving camera cried out the fiery words "Give Me Mondo! Give Me Mondo!".

After this came the hot 'n' heavy short **GIVE HIM AIR**, an educational epic that mixed up wry cartoons and live action with lashings of gore! This was a slow burning slammer. Next came **THE PSYCHOTRONIC TRAILER SHOW** with sizzlers like **THE WEIRD LOVE-MAKERS** and the **PEEPING TOM** trailer (better than the film itself!), followed by a scope serving of **FOUR FLIES ON GREY VELVET**. No more video whiplash with pan and scan for me! Yarhoo!

The next week's **NAUGHTY NOSTALGIA** triple bill was a real crowd pleaser. First came **THE HISTORY OF THE CORSET** (1920's) featuring healthy looking babes in bony corsets wiggling around to loud mambo music; this was indeed a naughty experience (I heard some feminist whining about it in the bar during the interval...according to her it was "sexist tripe", and "only fat women wore corsets"!)). The next two flicks were fully fledged frontal lobe thumpers, and true blue surreal trips into the unexpected. **VENUS IN FURS**

(1967) splatted out with some weird 'n' cheesy frolics, while **I, MARQUIS DE SADE** (also 1967) had every mammary-fixed goon in the place drenched in a puddle of sweat. **MARQUIS**... was one flick that took me to the point of total delirium. What guy in his right mind couldn't identify with a deranged honcho who becomes obsessed with De Sade,

had his voodoo packed moments, even if it did drag its ass for a reel or so. After a short break, **Mr HOUSE OF WHIPCORD** himself, David McGillivray introduced Lynn Fairhurst, associate producer (and general dogsbody) for the legendary **FLESHTEATERS**. Lynn told all about the behind the scenes antics on this unique

"Do you know what the most
FRIGHTENING
thing in the world is...?"

STARRING
Carl BOEHM
Moira SHEARER
Anna MASSEY
Maxine AUDLEY

PEEPING TOM EASTMAN COLOUR

Original Story and Screenplay by Leo Marks
Produced and Directed by **MICHAEL POWELL**

Distribution by **ANGLO AMALGAMATED FILM DISTRIBUTORS LIMITED**

PLAZA
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Weekdays:
12.15, 2.25, 5.10, 8.0
Doors open 12 noon.
Sundays: 4.30 & 7.40.

shoves big breasted gals into swimming pools, chases women with his pen knife, and makes love to obese monsters for cash on the nail!

Week three was proof positive that this season was a real builder. After a gorilla soaked episode of **THE KING OF JUNGLELAND**, it was straight into the babe-filled but lengthy **DEATH CURSE OF TARTU**. Shown in 35mm, **TARTU**

flick, and gave a run down on its chequered and interesting production history. Eat your heart out **VIDEO WATCHDOG!** Ruff Ruff.

After this ground-breaking spicel, we were treated to a superb (but jumpy) print of the film itself...and what a whammer that was. Described in **TIME OUT** as "a must for Manson fans", **FLESHTEATERS** was more of a classic Sixties horror flick

and precursor to **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** than a grossout sleaze fest. With a sort of unreal, expressionist edge and a smattering of Beatniks, it's an undiscovered monster of a film.

With week four's **I DRINK YOUR BLOOD - I EAT YOUR SKIN** the festival entered the video nasty arena. A double bill of **THE LAST CANNIBAL WORLD** (ULTIMO MONDO CANNIBALE) and the infamous **NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES** proved to be a real crowd pleaser. ...**CANNIBAL WORLD** was shown widescreen and advertised as "the film that tosses the jungle slap bang into your lap". It was basically some guy's descent into total primitive depravity, and asked the question "would you eat some guy's guts to live and survive?" - the answer is obviously "yes!".

My personal fave of the eight week show was week five's **MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION OR I'M CRAMPED** double bill. This teamed **THE GREAT FLAMMARION** (1945) by Anthony Mann with the awe-inspiring **CONFESSIONS OF A PSYCHICAT** (1968). ...**FLAMMARION** was a well honed slice of downbeat delusion, with Eric Von Stroheim as a gun totin' guy crossed in Love. This message proved too powerful for some saphead in the front row who kept shouting snore-o one liners at Eric on screen. After a few minutes, this well-oiled loser staggered and stumbled outside and puked his load at the bottom of the stairs. **CONFESSIONS OF A PSYCHICAT** is the mother of a film that Lux Interior of The Cramps has been touting as a cinematic mind fucker for a few years now, and it deserves every scrap of praise that can be heaped upon its battered frame. A sort of drugged out, hipster version of **THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME**, this is a flick that thumps its audience squarely on the cranium every ten minutes. In a way it's the sort of film to base your life on...way out, demented and riddled with sleazy grandeur, it's everything that tripe like **DANCES WITH WOLVES** or **TRULY, MADLY, DEEPLY** are not - in short, it's dangerous and poetic.

The next week's **IIUNKA IIUNKA** double bill, **MUSCLE BEACH PARTY** and **HERCULES CONQUERS ATLANTIS** pulled in a few scammers, and at one point some outraged highbrow stood up during **HERCULES**... and bellowed "this is absolute fuckin' RUBBISH...I've had eight pints and this is absolute rubbish, I suppose you're all

postgraduate fuckin' students"!! As this irate individual went to leave, he booted the door open, jackknifed upstairs and threw a podium downstairs. Now that's what I call real film criticism!

Week seven slammed home with George Weiss' fun filled **TEST TUBE BABIES**, a film that delivered a few gonzo surprises, including topless catfights and some hot medical dialogue. The final **HIITII IIIKE TO HELL** double trouble double bill was a masterful pairing of the rarely screened **DEVIL TIUMBS A RIDE** with Lawrence Tierney as a psycho sleazeball and **THE TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE**. Need I say more?

Yes folks, eight weeks of sleaze heaven, soaking up good flicks and cheap booze in the bar. Yapping with kookie Germans, real film fans and generally having a damn good time....can't wait for the all night Taboo festival at the Scala on June 13th and the all day jaunt in the Scala in July...ring them for details!



THE NEXT TABOO SHOW IS IN MID-JULY. FILMS INCLUDE LOVE & DEATH IN A WOMEN'S PRISON, SATAN'S SADISTS AND WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS. CALL THE SCALA FOR DETAILS ON 071 278 0051/8052.



It's back...The Festival of Fantastic Films, that long weekend of fun and frivolity, will be testing your stamina and sanity to the limits for the third time from the ninth to the eleventh of October. The guest list is looking good - seventies shock wonderkinds Peter Walker and David McGillivray together again for the first time in years, horror bimbo Caroline Munro, **DR PIIIBES** director Robert Fuest and others are promised. Those of you who felt like **THE PRISONER** at last year's "middle of nowhere" venue will be pleased to hear that this year, the event will take place at the Charterhouse Hotel, right in Manchester city centre (opposite, in fact, the oh-so-trendy and tedious Cornerhouse cinema, so you can pop over the road to the Cornerhouse bar and distress the student population). Organiser Harry Nadler promises a glut of rare films, including silent classics like **FAUST** and **THE GOLEM**, assorted mad trash from the fifties, sixties and seventies, and the first UK screening of **MEDIUM RARE** whatever the hell that is. Better still, **DIVINITY** will be presenting a night of delirium on the Saturday, together with the odd daytime dose of monster madness. No clues as to the line-up yet, but you can bet your bones it'll be...er...interesting! For ticket details and such like, contact the Society Of Fantastic Films, 95 Meadowgate Road, Salford, Manchester M6 8EN, and tell 'em we sent you.

DAVID FLINT



MARIENBAD, MON AMOUR

Two Alan Renais classics reviewed by David Flint

After their consistently magnificent early releases, the BFI's video arm, Connoisseur Video, spent a while in the doldrums, offering little of significance. Just as I was about to give up on them, though, the come up trumps with two of the best films of all time.

Alain Renais began his career as a documentary film-maker, producing *NUIT ET BROUILLARD*, the numbing Nazi death camp film (also available on Connoisseur) amongst others. It was in 1959 that he produced his first feature film - *HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR*.

Novelist (and later cult filmmaker in her own right) Margaret Duras wrote the screenplay that satisfied the stipulations of the Japanese co-producers that the film be set in both Japan and France, with the lead roles taken by one French and one Japanese performer. The result was a subversive love story that drew comparisons between the suffering world war two caused to a city and an individual.

The film opens with a married French actress (Emmanuelle Riva) making love to a married Japanese architect (Eiji Okada). She is in Hiroshima to make a movie about peace, and as they lie together, she discusses what she has seen in the city. It's here that the controversial use of actual newsreel footage of the atomic bomb's aftermath is used. Her lover (and both are unnamed throughout the film) denies that she has seen anything. He brushes aside her questions about Hiroshima, instead digging into her past, trying to find out more about her. As the movie progresses, we discover that she originally lived in the small town of Nevers. During the war, she had an affair with a German soldier, who is eventually shot dead. As France is liberated, she has her hair shorn by the townsfolk, and is kept locked in her parents' cellar as she has a nervous breakdown, before eventually fleeing to Paris.

Riva has kept the memory buried for years, but Okada pursues her across the city, trying to evoke and exorcise the memory from her.

While *HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR* is universally hailed as a technical masterpiece, a great work of filmic art and a starting point for the French New wave of the sixties, there is a great deal of



HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR

criticism over its comparison between the destruction of a city and the loss of a lover. Indeed, many critics have condemned the film for actually glossing over Hiroshima and concentrating on Riva, the suggestion being that the French writer and director felt more affinity to and comfort with the French character. And it's true that Okada does not mention the horrifying fate of his city. Yet this condemnation suggests a basic misunderstanding of Renais' film. What in fact he and Duras are saying in *HIROSHIMA...* is that only when you face up to the tragedies of your past can you truly come to terms with them. Okada doesn't need to exorcise the ghosts of his past, because he lives with them every day. That he doesn't speak of what happened in Hiroshima doesn't mean that he is trying to forget it; rather, it suggests that he has come to terms with what happened, and can now continue with his life. Riva, on the other hand, has suppressed the memories of her own past, and needs to be able to face up to them. Her continual questioning about the events in Hiroshima are as much due to her need to bury her emotions revived by the mere presence of Okada (like the German soldier, a foreigner) and their location - as to curiosity.

As to the question of comparing the loss of one life to the loss of a whole city, the

film is *not* suggesting that both are of equal significance, *except to Riva herself*.

To her, the killing of her lover was the biggest tragedy in her life. It was literally overwhelming, and her personal suffering *can* be compared to the suffering of *individual* people in Hiroshima. Or are we capable of reaching different levels of mourning, depending on how many have been killed? I think not. It's a shame that so much controversy and ignorance surrounds this film. One critic, the usually reliable Danny Peary, actually suggests (in his book *GUIDE FOR THE FILM FANATIC*) that Riva's punishment by her peers was justified a claim I find quite remarkable. Falling in love is, after all, a good few steps away from collaboration with the enemy, and surely only the most reactionary bigot can seriously agree with such punishment. The film is, of course, highly praised as a piece of classic cinema, and rightly so. It's just a pity that it gains this praise for its technical achievements rather than for its incredibly emotive and haunting story. The other Renais masterpiece released by Connoisseur is the considerably less contentious *L'ANNEE DERNIERE A MARIENBAD*. Indeed,

...*MARIENBAD* seems to be loved by just about everyone, from highbrow critics to cult film fanatics. Mentioning the film to other *DIVINITY* writers

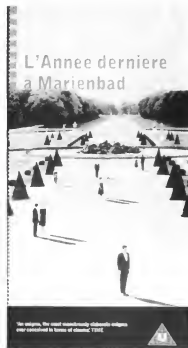


L'ANNEE DERNIERE A MARIENBAD

brought a unanimously favourable response - most included it in their all time favourite film lists. Yet the film is an almost gleeful exercise in confusion and disorientation. As with *HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR*, L'ANNEE DERNIERE A MARIENBAD (LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD) was the result of a collaboration between Renais and a novelist who later turned cult film-maker: this time being Alain Robbe-Grillet. The "plot" - which is incredibly vague - has a man (Giorgio Albertazzi) meeting a woman (Delphine Seyrig) at a plush dinner-party, and trying to persuade her to leave her husband, as he claims she promised to do one year ago in Marienbad. She, on the other hand, remembers no such promise, or even meeting. And so the film goes on, with the man continually filling in extra details to his story, and the woman continually denying them. Like *HIROSHIMA...*, the film is obsessed with memory, and takes the flashback use of the earlier film to new heights. As *...MARIENBAD* progresses, the film shifts more and more frequently between present and (supposed) past. All this adds up to a real puzzle for the viewer, particularly as Albertazzi's story doesn't remain consistent - details are added, removed or altered as the film goes on. In many ways, though, the "story" in this film is of secondary importance. This is primarily a visual treat, with truly stunning set pieces that will take your breath away. The locations are incredible, and give the film

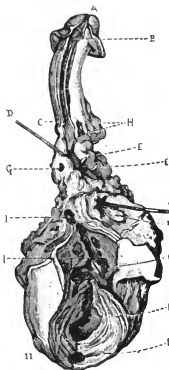
a haunting, surreal look that is probably why a few science fiction fans claim it rather desperately - as belonging to their genre.*

But the characters here are not aliens, nor are we on some distant planet. Rather, they are hooks from which Renais and Robbe-Grillet can hang a variety of visual treats and intellectual puzzles. And in doing so, they have created a film that can be appreciated on a number of different



levels. If you feel inclined to do so, you can attempt to outsmart the filmmakers by unravelling their monkey puzzle of a movie, though be warned: the writer and the director themselves are in disagreement over what really *did* happen that last year at Marienbad, so the validity of any solution you might come to is in question! On the other hand, you can simply allow the film to flow over you. The smoothly flowing direction of the film can take you on a fascinating and fulfilling trip if you let it. Either way, L'ANNEE DERNIERE A MARIENBAD is one of the finest films that you could possibly see. It may well be the video release of the year.

*Interestingly, the ultra-cheap science fiction movie *THE DAY MARS INVADIED EARTH*, shot two years after *...MARIENBAD*, shows definite signs of being influenced by Renais' film. Unfortunately, director Maury Dexter is no Renais, and the film is ultimately more tedious than fascinating.



PUBLISH AND BE DAMNED

David Flint ploughs through a pile of printed matter...

Once upon a time, the superstars of the horror film were all male. From Karloff and Lugosi in the thirties and forties, to Price, Lee and Cushing during the sixties and seventies. But then, once upon a time, horror movie fans were expected to automatically like science fiction films as well. Times change. These days, your average horror flick enthusiast is an allround exploitation movie buff, and his idols are all female. The (video) box office draws of low budget cinema are nubile young women who tend to lose their tops with remarkable frequency, and either end up on the receiving end of a metal blade or else are blowing away the opposition with a semiautomatic, whilst clad in a skimpy bikini.

INVASION OF THE B-GIRLS (Eclipse Books) is a tribute to the actresses who have fuelled a million fantasies for the adolescent readers of **FANGORIA** and its ilk. Written by B-girl Jewel Shepard, the book consists of interviews with some of the big names in small budget film: Michelle Bauer, Linnea Quigley, Brinke Stevens, Monique Gabrielle and others. There are also chats with some of the older starlets - amongst them Caroline Munro, Yvette Vickers, Kitten Natividad, Haji and Mary Woronov.

The book's strengths, aside from a truly eye-catching cover, lie mainly in the "girl-talk" approach to the interviews, which is refreshingly different. What's more, I hadn't seen interviews with a number of the girls before, so it was interesting to catch up with their careers. But the problem with the book seems to be a strangely negative attitude towards low budget movies from Shepard, and a number of the interviewees. One can't help but wonder why, if she finds being labelled a "B-starlet" so annoying, she wrote the book in the first place. And equally, who is the book aimed at? Are fans of these cheap 'n' cheerful films going to enjoy having their favourite genre dismissed? Are high-brow movie snobs going to look twice at a book called **INVASION OF THE B-GIRLS**?

This embarrassment is even more obvious when it comes to hardcore porn. Michelle Bauer, for instance, claims to have only made one X-rated movie - **CAFE FLESH** - and even then to have



*Michelle Bauer (aka Pia Snow), right, not doing porn in **BAD GIRLS***

have only made one X-rated movie - **CAFE FLESH** - and even then to have used a double for the sex scenes. This clashes somewhat with the memories of those of us who recall seeing her, under the name Pia Snow, romping through the likes of **BAD GIRLS** and a couple of transsexual shorts in the early eighties. Hardly the sort of thing that just slips your mind...similarly, there is no mention from Monique Gabrielle of **EMMANUELLE 5**, or her other erotic roles...sigh...

To be fair, **INVASION OF THE B-GIRLS** isn't *bad* it's simply a lightweight affair that doesn't live up to the expectations it arouses. Not, perhaps, a "must-have" volume then, but arguably worthwhile - more so, in fact, to casual observers than to fanatics, who will doubtless be disappointed by the dismissive attitude, and surprising lack of nudity in the book.

One starlet not featured in **INVASION OF THE B-GIRLS** is Scandinavian sexpot Yutte Stensgaard, who instead is the subject of a one-off tribute, **YUTTE STENSGAARD - A PICTORIAL SOUVENIR**, produced by **DIVINITY** scribe Tim Greaves. This glossy forty page magazine opens with a straightforward explanation of why Tim finds Ms. Stensgaard so appealing, together with a resume of her career, before launching into a series of photo-spreads from her various films. For those of you with short memories, Mr Greaves reviewed her sci-fi sexcomedy **ZETA ONE** in the last **DIVINITY**, and here

presents a number of rare stills from the film. Also on offer are scarce shots from good, bad and ugly Yutte "classics" like **SOME GIRLS DO** and **BURKE AND HARE**, along with a few glamour shots. Most of the stills come from Stensgaard's best known film, the lesbian Hammer Horror **LUST FOR A VAMPIRE**, and



*Infamous publicity shot from **LUST FOR A VAMPIRE***

yes, they do include the legendary "blood on the breasts" shot.

Of course, a publication like this has a certain limited audience. But I'd recommend it highly, whether your tastes run to Hammer films, British sex flicks, cult startlets, or simply Scandinavian blondes (on a purely sexist note, I should comment that Ms. Stensgaard is extremely easy to look at, and had no qualms about disrobing for the camera...). Tim has put the whole package together beautifully, and deserves your support. Available for £1.95/\$5.00 from Tim Greaves, 118 High Street, Eastleigh, Hants, SO5 5LR.

I covered Craig Ledbetter's **EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA** last issue, and here I am mentioning it again. That's the power of an editor for you. This latest issue (2/5) has, as threatened, gone from digest format to full size, and is the best so far. Included are interviews with Euro-sleaze icons Howard Vernon and Bruno Mattei, a profile of Rosalba Neri and a lengthy review of **LA MUERTE ACARICIA**. **A MEDIANOCIE**...all of which will probably have half of you scratching your heads in confusion. Don't worry. There's a discourse on eroticism and pornography, lots of pix of naked girls, and an effective full colour cover. I remember when ETC was a few xeroxed pages of reviews - its expansion is admirable, and its content superb. \$15 (double that outside USA) will get you the next four issues - \$5 will suffice for one issue, from PO Box 5367, Kingwood, TX 77325, USA.

Those of you who saw the appalling **DISPATCHES** "expose" of ritual child abuse a few months back will be equally horrified by **BLASPHEMOUS RUMOURS** by the programme's presenter, Andrew Boyd. Although claiming to be an impartial look at this contentious subject, the mere fact that the book is published by Fount, a Harper Collins religious imprint, acts as a warning even to the reader who missed his TV atrocity. And sure enough, common sense and minor details like facts are thrown to the wind, as Boyd and his interviewees set off on a witch-hunting frenzy of hearsay, shock horror statistics, and "confessions" from former "victims" (all of whom, curiously enough, are now Born Again Christians). Social workers and anti-satanic groups compete to repulse the reader with stories of hundreds of babies being slaughtered and eaten, children being sodomised on the altar and sexual perversion on a grand scale.

There's no hard evidence to back any of the claims up, but that - so we're told - is because these Satanists are damned clever. Sure. Shock tales include the four year old who could write "word for word" a Satanic chant in Latin. Remarkable indeed - most four year olds can't even write their own name and address in English...we also hear stories of how satanists produce child pornography (which Boyd incorrectly claims to be legal in Holland) and, that old myth, Snuff Video.

After seeing the **DISPATCHES** debacle, it's hard to have any patience for such claims. After all, that programme featured a "survivor" claiming that The Temple Of Psychick Youth's **FIRST TRANSMISSION** performance video was a documentation of ritual abuse and forced abortions - the result being that Genesis P. Orridge and family dare not return to Britain for fear of arrest - at the very least, Orridge's kids would be snatched from him. There's a definite religious and political conspiracy behind the whole "ritual abuse" scare; don't be suckered into believing it. One final note of interest, possibly more to the families involved than to the casual reader - throughout the book, Boyd implies, quite heavily, that the dismissal of claims about ritual abuse in Rochdale and elsewhere were wrong. Therefore, we must assume that he believes that the parents whose children were removed then returned are in fact guilty. One for the lawyers to look into, I think...

From Douglas Baptie comes

FEBRUARY 24, a newsletter devoted to **TWIN PEAKS**. It's generally pretty good stuff, with the usual news, reviews of **PEAKS** related items (ie films starring cast members, books, etc) and general gossip about the greatest TV show in the world. Sure, it has the inevitable "fannish" bits (such as a reader's breathless description of seeing Kyle MacLachlan on **WOGAN**), but I have to admit, I find these quite sweet and touching. If you're interested in the series, and want to get in touch with fellow "peakies", this is as good a place as any to begin. Send £1.00 plus 18p stamp to Douglas at Top Flat, 1 Ancrum Court, Hawick, Scotland, TD9 7DB.

"They are big, they are huge, they are strictly **FOR ADULTS**", screams the cover of **Mondo Tondo**. What are they? Comic strip tits, that's what. And if that sounds like a bizarre subject for a fanzine...well, yes it is! Issue one covers "USA boobs" from Bill Ward to **LOVE AND ROCKETS**. Obviously the product of a warped mind, this will no doubt appeal to Grabuster fanatics everywhere. Write for details to Ricci, C.P. 1045, Bologna Centro, Italy.

I'm not sure if there's much of a market for spoof fanzines, but if there is, then **HORRORSHOW** has probably cornered it. Printed on the kind of paper that you didn't think was still being manufactured, this (deliberately) rancid organ offers such essentially useless information as "nineteen things you never knew about Dario Argento" (there are only thirteen, and number eight is "he has a birthmark



in the shape of North Korea on his left buttock"), rambling nonsense about video collecting, book and video reviews, as well as other bits of ludicrous rubbish. It's all extremely tacky and disposable - which apparently is the idea. You'll only have to throw away a couple of first class stamps to 163 Bromyard Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham, B11 3AY to see it for yourself.

Somewhat more sophisticated is the latest offering from the **SKIN TWO** boys and girls. **SKIN TWO COLLECTION 3** is a clothes catalogue, put simply; the clothes in question being the rubber and lycra offerings from Murray and Vern. If you think that it sounds of no possible interest, think again. The colour photography of Peter Ashworth is beautiful, and the 32 page book is a visual treat. Of course, at £7.00, it ought to be...but you'd probably pay more than that for a "real" book of similar size and content. A fine piece of art all round. Contact **SKIN TWO**, 23 Grand Union Centre, London W10 5AX.

Arriving just in time for a mention is **FILM EXTREMES**. This new publication is produced by Ken Miller and Rick Baker, organisers of the similarly named film festival, and features a mix of Asian, European and American trash film much as Ken's regular magazine **IMAGINATOR** does. All rather good. There's also a free flexi-disc from some metal band called Scit Scat Wah, which I haven't had time to play yet... £2.75 by post from **FILM EXTREMES**, PO Box 409, London, SE18 3DW.

CREATION PRESSED

We briefly mentioned Paul Anthony Woods' **ED GEIN - PSYCHIO** (Annihilation Press) last issue, but publishing deadlines prevented any detailed coverage. If you were tantalised and titillated by that sneak preview, though, then the book itself won't be a disappointment. Unlike the previous books dealing with the Wisconsin Cannibal, Woods' volume examines Gein as the mythological figure responsible for Leatherface, Norman Bates and a host of other celluloid abominations; Ed here is a mother-fixated timebomb waiting to explode onto society. And for the one or two of you who don't know, Eddie exploded in spectacular fashion - robbing graves for night-time companions, killing for company, gutting and (so it was

claimed) eating his victims' flesh, then using what was left to decorate house and home...soupbowl skulls; nipple belts; a human skin tom-tom that crazy Ed would beat ferociously while dancing the night away as the ultimate crossdresser: not simply content to wear women's clothing, oh no, Ed wore their *skin*.

PSYCHIO is deliberately written like a novel, rather than as a straight documentation of events, and is all the better for it. Woods writes at full throttle, rattling through his story like a train about to crash off the rails. The book seems designed to be read with the same breathless enthusiasm, furtive delight and lurid revulsion that no doubt gripped Ed himself as he skimmed through stories of death camp atrocities in the latest **MAN'S WORLD**, prior to going out and doing something that the writers of those cheap sensation magazines couldn't even imagine. And there's more - the book is liberally splattered with rare illustrations, including the nearmummified remains of Ed's victims, and the great man's death certificate.

Woods also goes beyond the warped reality that was the Ed Gein story, and examines in detail what could be seen as Ed's bastard children: movies like **PSYCHIO**, its sequels and off-shoots; **THE TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE** and its follow-ups; the classic **DERANGED** (the only Gein inspired movie to really tell it like it was); and the deservedly obscure **THREE ON A MEATHOOK**. Examined too is the bizarre phenomenon of Ed Gein cultism - how Ed has become something of an icon for dissolute youth in the post-punk era. Thrash and Death-Metal bands write songs about him, or name the group after him. We have Ed Gein comic books. Ed Gein fan clubs. Ed Gein T-shirts. And now, we have the Ed Gein story, fast, frantic and full o'beans. Top grade depravity, and not to be missed.

RED STAINS, from Creation Press, describes itself as "a lexicon of lesions; bible of blood". More to the point, it's the most unrelenting collection of sexual horror fiction that I've ever read. Opening with Steve Clark's twisted tale **INSPIRATION**, the book rips into full throttle with John Smith's utterly repellent - and distressingly compulsive **PASSION**. This is writing at its most unrestrained, detailing the gruesome fate of a child-sex killer. One line, picked at random, will give you an idea of the excess used here: "his erection wilted, so much useless meat. His schincher loosened as the shit in his bowels turned liquid. Diarrhoea

seeped out and traced the line in his arse, warm as a finger".

It might seem impossible for the book to continue in this unrelenting fashion, and certainly, nothing else is *quite* as explicit. But the other works remain disturbing, brutal and unsettling. Ramsey Campbell's **AGAIN** - one of two stories previously published - is a steadily building nightmare, replete with sado-erotic imagery. Campbell works best in the short story format, and this is one of his most effective pieces. You can almost *taste* the decay being described.

Other highlights in the collection include Paul Buck's subtly effective **RESEARCHII**, where the violence is minimal, **MONSTERS** by Tony Reed (a dark descent into the beginnings of psychopathy), David Conway's nightmarish **ELOISE** and **VIXEN-NAKED ULTRA-LUNCHEON**, a typically surreal dash of rampant nausea from Michael Paul Peter Philbin. There are a few lowlights; a couple of pieces are extracts from novels, which don't really work as well as they might. Similarly, the extract from Terence Sellers' guide to SM etiquette **THE CORRECT SADIST** seems rather lost and pointless here.

All in all though, the good and startling outweigh the dull and dreary by a considerable number in **RED STAINS**, and any one of the more extreme tales would alone be worth buying the book for. Starting in Autumn, **RED STAINS** will be appearing as a twice yearly magazine, offering more erotic excess in both written and graphic forms.

Meanwhile, Creation's first graphic novel has just appeared.

RAISM: THE SONGS OF GILLES DE RAIS is a four part free-form interpretation of James Havoc's notorious "anti-novel", the first part being **MEATHOOK SEED**. Rather than attempt the impossible by translating Havoc's intense style into a visual story, artist Mike Philbin has wisely thrown caution to the wind and instead offers a selection of twisted images from the depths of imagination. Accompanying this are prime examples of Havoc's poetic madness. The whole thing is an unbridled celebration of satanic mania and sexual delirium, and it all gells together surprisingly well, although I suspect that it might be a little overwhelming for your average comic-book creep.

ECSTASY IN EXCESS

*David Flint takes a trip into the fetish world
of TORTURE GARDEN...*

The world of the fetish club remains an alien experience for most people.

Even amongst the ranks of the sub-culturist, only a select few have any hands-on experience of the scene. For others, it remains an elusive, tantalising event to be fantasised over when covered in the pages of *SKIN TWO*, a Disneyland for would-be rubber lovers. The whole mystery is reinforced by a lack of detailed information about the delights to be found at these events. Yet there is an increasing interest in the whole fetish lifestyle: the moralising eighties have given way to a new sexual openness, and the still-serious threat of AIDS means that people are seeking new ways of expressing their sexual freedom. And there is no safer way to do this than through fantasy. Dressing up, if you like. What's more, the mainstream fashion world's flirtation with fetish style over the last few years has made leather, rubber and PVC clothing both more accessible and more socially acceptable.

Torture Garden began in 1990, and rapidly became one of the most respected and exciting fetish clubs around. It operated on a slightly different level to other clubs around at the time, by creating - in their own words - "a conceptual and creative platform, a movement". The club also expanded beyond the fetish fashion world, and actively encouraged the participation of those involved in the body art scene, which had hitherto been ignored by the rather closed world of the SM club crowd. The club was closed by the police eleven months after its opening, but the idea was too good to let die, and Torture Garden later re-emerged at a splendid new venue, the Electrowerkz.

Together with associate editor Sal Volatile, I ventured forth to Torture Garden's March event in an effort to find out just what this Fetish business was all about.

The whole Torture Garden experience is quite overwhelming. After entering the imposing black Electrowerkz building which housed the club, I found myself on a candle lit, smoke filled stairway, with Gregorian chants filling my ears. At the top of the stairway stood two cyberpunk guards, black-helmeted, with stun-guns at

the ready. Theatrical excess, perhaps, but it works - the air was thick with a tangible sense of anticipation. Once through the heavy black doors, the quasireligious atmosphere was immediately obliterated by a blast of hard guitar noise, accentuated by the cacophony of nightclub chatter. But the impact of sound was completely negated by the pure visual assault that lay before me. This was Heaven on Earth - or at least, as close as one could hope for.

Torture Garden offers you you: every fetish fantasy brought to life. A Heady mix of erotic exhibitionism and dressing for pleasure, the club is a voyeuristic delight. Everywhere you look are stunning fantasy visions; their bodies either exposed for all to see or else wrapped in leather, rubber, PVC or any combination of same. There are tattoo maniacs, covered from head to toe in gaudy, exotic designs. People with piercings ranging from nipples to



Photo: Jean Louis Delbarre

dangerous looking forehead/cheek lacerations, stainless steel bars imprisoning the eyeball. There are costumed characters - everything from SS commandants to intricately created cybernetic androids, complete with flashing lights and computer bleeps. Then, there are the performers.

Part of the Torture Garden philosophy is to promote creative expression and experimentation, and it has in the past played host to a number of performance artists, ranging from **THREE TEMPLE OV PSYCHICK YOUTH** to members of **ARCHAOS**. At the March event, there were no professional stage acts. But, in the tradition of "creating your own amusement", a few members gave their own spontaneous displays of flagellation and discipline, watched over by a silent but appreciative audience. Security staff keep a watchful - but unobtrusive - eye on proceeding to make sure that things don't go *too far* - actual sex acts would get the club into serious trouble, and anybody even *thinking* about it will be stopped immediately! In fact, the quality of the displays varies considerably. One pairing had a bored looking man being lightly whipped by an equally bored looking transvestite. The impact of the whip was minimal, and the ennuï - for both participants and spectators - excessive. At the other extreme, a delightful looking young lady writhed with barely contained ecstasy as her male partner slapped her bare buttocks. The enthusiasm here was deliriously infectious, and the aesthetic appeal overwhelming. The whole act



Photo: Jean Louis Delbarre



Photo: Andrew Cunnington

lasted barely ten minutes, yet was the highlight of the evening, and remains possibly the most erotic non-participatory experience of my life.

Even without the crowd, Torture Garden would be a pretty mindfucking experience. A series of slides and video projections bombard you with disturbing, erotic and fetishistic imagery from all directions, while pulsating hard dance music - we're talking here about The Young Gods, Nirvana, Front 242, Nine Inch Nails and others - assaults your aural senses. Then, there is the market area, where assorted merchants and organisations related to the scene can sell you their wares or simply promote

themselves. Here, you can check out the work and wares of such icons as Temple Press, Wild Cat International, The Girl Can't Help It and assorted lesser known - though no less intriguing body artists, fashion designers and esoteric individuals. This, plus a relaxed cafe area to chill out in, makes Torture Garden more akin to an eroticised multi-media happening than simply a nightclub.

Interestingly, despite the plethora of semi-naked, kinkily clad people in the club, the whole event is oddly unarousing. You might expect to be turned on all night, but you're not. The very fact that everything that you might want to see is openly on display seems to negate any



Photo: Andrew Cunningham

sexual excitement that you might expect to feel. And that's probably *why* events like this are so good; people feel free to dress in whatever way they want, without embarrassment, and more importantly, without putting themselves in any danger. If a woman were to walk into a standard nightclub topless, the best she could hope for would be to be mauled by drunks throughout the night - at worst, she'd be gang-raped. At Torture Garden, you can indulge your wildest fantasies, and nobody will bother you.

Unfortunately, the March event proved to be the last at Electrowerkz, as the curse

of Torture Garden struck again, with local police deciding that this wasn't the sort of thing they wanted going on, and forced them to stop. The club is

continuing, but at present is being forced to use a variety of new venues until they can secure a new home. The first such event took place in a Camden nightclub at the beginning of May. The limitations of this venue were obvious; there was far less room, no chill out areas or space for any real atmospherics, and the walls were plastered with aesthetically annoying posters for rock groups who'd played there over the years. Despite this, the event still held an undoubted fascination. As well as the now familiar performance pieces from club members (which were somewhat more vigorous this time), there was also body art performance from ULTRA VIOLATE - most of which, I must admit, I missed...

Even within the cramped confines of this venue, Torture Garden remains the best nightclub (the word barely seems adequate, but it'll have to do) that I've ever been to. If they were all like this, I'd be there every week...

For further information about forthcoming events, membership and so on, write to BM: The Torture Garden,

London, WC1N 3XX. Organisers Alan and David are also keen to hear from performance artists/film makers/painters /photographers/ designers/musicians and other artists producing work of an extreme and radical nature who find exposure difficult in the usual moralistic anti body/sexual art environments, and who might be interested in getting involved in the Torture Garden concept.



Photo: Andrew Cunningham

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THE TRUE, BLUE MARY MILLINGTON

*Britain's sex queen of the Seventies remembered
by Tim Greaves and David Flint*

There can't be many people who lived through the Seventies who haven't heard of Mary Millington. Whether they approve of what she did for a living or not, they can't deny the impact she made in a relatively short space of time. She wasn't stunningly beautiful, but she was incredibly photogenic and the camera loved her. Not surprisingly, she built up a huge male following across the country and when she died from a drugs overdose in 1979 - aged only twenty-eight - a legend was born.

Mary began her career as a fashion model, but soon found herself doing nude work for various glamour magazines. She

was a natural for the job, having no qualms about showing off her body - and this was at a time when sex magazines in Britain were at their most explicit. She met up with David Sullivan now publisher of the *SPORT* - who at that time was the man behind some of the strongest titles on the market. Then, as now, Sullivan was a master publicist, and he helped to rapidly make Mary a cult figure. Over a decade before glamour models like Linzi Drew and Marie Harper did the same, Mary was "editing" a girlic mag (the provocatively named *WHITEHOUSE*). And, thanks to some outrageous publicity stunts - the most notorious of which was posing nude

outside 10 Downing Street - she was rarely out of the tabloids. She was, arguably, the first British sex superstar since the heady days of the Sixties, by the time she appeared in her first movie.

COME PLAY WITH ME was produced in 1977 by David Sullivan, and had the legendary George Harrison Marks as director. To the surprise of everyone, the film became a huge hit, playing to packed houses across the country; one London cinema ran it continuously for four years! The plot concerns a couple of counterfeiter (the great Harrison Marks and Alfie Bass) giving their gangland bosses the slip and legging it with a set of Bank of England plates. They take refuge in a stately home owned by Irene Handl. But the house has recently been transformed into an exclusive health clinic and is now populated by lots of sexy young nurses who provide their affluent clients with more than medical check ups. Mary, in a relatively small role, is one of said nurses, although she features in a couple of the films "saucier" moments. One of these takes place during the massage of one of the muscular clients; another when she shares a few intimate moments with another nurse on an exercise bed (Mary was openly bisexual, and this knowledge enhances the erotic value of this sequence there possibly wasn't much acting involved here...).

The film trots amiably along with some mildly amusing scenes, as our counterfeiters try unsuccessfully to maintain a low profile and evade keeping fit - there's even a toe-tapping (yes, toe-tapping!) musical number thrown in. Marks looks utterly bizarre, kitted out with an over-length Beatles wig, big bushy eyebrows, half-moon spectacles and buck teeth - like a psychotic Ken Dodd. Were it not for his name on the credits, you'd be hard-pressed to recognise him.

It should be noted that Mary's acting ability fell somewhat short of convincing, a fact she freely acknowledged herself. In fact, her true talent seemed to be speaking her lines as if she were reading them off a cue-card (as she may well have been doing!). But acting ability is of secondary importance here and, bearing in mind her



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liberated views on sex, making these movies must have seemed like something of a working holiday to her.

In any case, the lack of acting prowess shouldn't solely be aimed at Miss Millington; the lead players may be established thespians but the girls, without exception, were clearly picked for their pretty faces and bodies that looked great sans clothing.

And what of those established stars of the British film and TV industry who packed *COME PLAY WITH ME*? Alfie Bass, Ronald Fraser, Bob Todd, Windsor Davies, Kenny Lynch, Irene Handl, Alan Lake, and even *TIAT'S LIFE*'s Gavin Campbell appeared in this and subsequent Sullivan/Millington films. Quite what they thought they were making is unclear, though a surprising number of "names" appeared in softcore films during the Seventies. One thing that they possibly didn't expect - or at least didn't expect to be made public - was that there were two versions of *COME PLAY WITH ME* shot. A tame version for the UK, and a "hot" - ie hardcore - version for the rest of Europe. Had the film been just another instantly forgotten sex flick, such a fact might have gone unnoticed (it wasn't a unique occurrence, it should be said), but it's success sent the hacks in search of

scandal. Inevitably, the household names huffed and puffed indignantly - Tommy Godfrey, who was photographed cavorting with naked Suzy Mandel during the film's production - told the *NEWS OF THE WORLD* "I wouldn't like to be implicated in anything like that as I sometimes appear in children's TV programmes". We can only surmise just how much they knew about what was taking place, and how many of them simply closed their eyes, took the money and ran...oddly though, it seems that this XXX edition of the film has never materialised in Britain, even illicitly - anyone knowing differently should let us know.

1978 saw a couple of MM films - *PLAYBIRDS* and *THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR*. Shortly after the release of *COME PLAY WITH ME*, Sullivan and Millington found themselves in court, charged with publishing an obscene magazine (*WHITEHOUSE*). The trial was a farce, with the judge refusing a number of expert defence witnesses - including a vicar - to take the stand, but the two were eventually acquitted. This was, however, to be the start of a continuing campaign of police harassment of Mary, who by this time had also opened a sex shop in Tooting. At the same time, the porn industry in general was having one of its harshest battles against censorship. As a reaction to this, both films had a strong anti-censorship attitude. The eponymous hero of *THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR* for instance, is a pornographer suffering from continual police harassment. More interesting, though, is *THE PLAYBIRDS*.

THE PLAYBIRDS (Mary suggested to Sullivan that they use the title of one of his most popular publications) was apparently written with Mary in mind for the lead role of a policewoman investigating a series of murders. After several run-ins with the law, playing the part was a temptation that she couldn't



resist.

The models from "Playbirds" magazine have been turning up dead. The publisher (Alan Lake) would appear to be the chief suspect, but the police are at a loss to prove anything. Mary is sent undercover to pose as a model and lure out the killer. Her acting hadn't improved since **COME PLAY WITH ME**, but in the photo-shoot scenes, Mary really comes into her own as she poses and pouts for the camera.

Although obviously its *raison d'être*, the sex takes more of a back seat in **THE PLAYBIRDS**. There's a little too much padding, especially in the sub-plot involving Lake's interest in racehorses, but if nothing else the plot throws enough suspects in to keep you from guessing the killer's identity right up till the end.

Once again, "hot" versions of both films were made for the export market, and Sullivan made sure that it was always scenes from these versions that appeared alongside "reviews" (ie thinly veiled adverts) in his many publications. Meanwhile, Mary had found time to appear in the German-made porn film **MISS BORLOCK**, and also made a number of hardcore shorts, many of which she sold through her sex shop. Possibly the best was **BETRAYED**, made by Taboo Films, who for years were the flagbearers of the British hard porn industry, before the forces of new morality finally forced them out of business in the early Eighties. The "plot" had a couple of afghan and loonpans clad "studs" turning up at the girlfriends' flat and catching the two lusty girls in a lesbian clench. This being a hardcore film, nobody objects, and soon get into a four way group sex session.

BETRAYED is pretty tacky stuff, truth be told. The camerawork is unimaginative, if efficient, and it has a grimy, cheesy look to it. But its appeal is undeniable. As much as anything, **BETRAYED** works on a novelty value level. After all, not only is this a British made XXX movie, but it features a (relatively) well known sex symbol fucking and sucking with the best of them. In fact, Mary seemed to have found her true vocation: here: had it not been for her death, and the Conservative government's rejection of the Williams Committee's recommendations that pornography be legalised, she may well have been Britain's first hard-core queen.

Even on the soft front, though, the 8mm films of the period were surprisingly strong. Anyone wanting to see any decent



MARY MILLINGTON'S TRUE BLUE CONFESSIONS

representation of Seventies glamour should seek out some of the Mistral Super Eight releases, which are far more explicit than anything available on video today. Mary made a number of these "hard" softcore shorts during her climb to fame, and **RESPONSE** is one of her best.

To overcome her dislike of sex with her boyfriend, during the "ordeal" a young secretary fantasises about making love with her girlfriend at the office. A very young looking Mary plays the friend, and although the film has a few moments of male/female action, the bulk of this ten-minute short plays on the not uncommon male fantasy of two girls getting off together.

It's attractively shot and the love-making between the two women is tender and

affectionate (more No-Acting-Required for our Miss Millington?). **RESPONSE** isn't one of the more explicit entries in the Mistral series, but it's still head and shoulders above anything you're likely to find on the shelf at your video library.

Compilations of Mistral films appeared on video in the early eighties, but disappeared along with the rest of the worthwhile adult material following the implementation of the Video recordings Act. With the level of interest in nude films of yesteryear steadily increasing though, it's surprising that some minor label hasn't jumped on the opportunity to put out a tape featuring these Mary Millington shorts. Such a tape would be an essential purchase, but then again, would it be granted a certificate these



COME PLAY WITH ME - export version

days? Somehow, I feel not.

Back on the "legit" softcore feature film front, Mary's career appeared to have peaked with **THE PLAYBIRDS**. Her final film, **QUEEN OF THE BLUES** was a sorry tale set in a sleazy strip club, and came and went without most people even noticing. Her private life was also becoming too much to handle. Not only had her bizarre marriage (in which her husband usually slept on the sofa while Mary made out with one of her lesbian lovers) broken up, but a now constant stream of court appearances and police raids finally pushed her over the edge. Mary had been pill-popping with increasing frequency...she also found herself arrested three times in 1979 for shoplifting. And she was being increasingly hounded by tax inspectors, determined to catch her out for non-payment. On August 19, she committed suicide by overdosing on pills and alcohol. In a note to her solicitor, she wrote "I have never liked people, only animals...the police killed me with threats... pornography will be legal here one day as it is in most countries but the abuse I receive from the police is unbearable. I am a kleptomaniac but try

so hard to control my illness. I can't go on any longer. The police have threatened me so much I can't face the thought of Holloway where they're determined to get me".

After her death, David Sullivan cobbled together **MARY MILLINGTON'S TRUE BLUE CONFESSIONS** (aka **THE NAKED TRUTH**), a hotch-potch of interviews and sex clips which he described as a "tribute" to her. Then came **MARY MILLINGTON'S STRIPTEASE EXTRAVAGANZA** - the title of which said it all hosted by none other than Bernie Winters, who shuffled sheepishly on stage with a plethora of naked women, doubtless hoping that his participation would go unnoticed by those people who proclaimed him a great all-round family entertainer.

Sullivan also published "tribute" magazines, and released a record which purported to have Mary talking to the listener. Those who knew her claimed that the voice on the record bore no resemblance to Mary's whatsoever. He always maintained that his treatment of Mary's death was a sincere attempt to keep alive her memory. Those who knew her, though, claimed that he had exploited



A rare shot from **RESPONSE**

her throughout her career, and was now doing the same thing with her death. Doreen Millington, the "real" editor of **WHITEHOUSE**, and the woman whose name was given to Mary by Sullivan, said that shortly before her death, Mary had told her that Sullivan wanted to get rid of her, telling her she had no talent. The truth remains unknown, buried amongst all the scandal of the life and death of a porn queen.

With Mary died the dream. The same year of her death saw Margaret Thatcher rise to power, and the moral shutters came slamming down soon after. Mary's films had been the last gasp of a dying film industry in Britain. Sullivan was imprisoned, as were many other big wheels in the British porn industry. A moral backlash took place with such severity that we are only now finally beginning to emerge from it. If Mary is watching from that great sex-shop in the sky, she'll probably realise that she got out at the right time...

*originally released during the infancy of home video in Britain by Hokushin, Mary's films were re-packaged as inferior duplications a couple of years ago. They are ultimately a waste of time.

*Anyone keen to learn a little more about the legendary Mary Millington is advised to try and locate a copy of **THE AMAZING MARY MILLINGTON**, written by the lady herself with David Weldon. Published in 1979 by Futura, it's a (believably) true insight into her early life, her travels, her rise to fame and her fight against censorship in Seventies Britain.



QUEEN OF THE BLUES

THE JOYS OF TORTURE

Trevor Brown continues his look at the strange world of Japanese Bondage as he talks to Masimo Akita...



Rika Saeki. Original illustrations by Yoko Ozuma

"You know why everybody's afraid? - It's because they don't understand it".

ENGLAND...

At the time of writing this, a group of five homosexual SadoMasochists who were sentenced for indulging in acts of "genital torture" have just had their Appeal denied. Their misdemeanours included branding with hot metal, caning, sandpapering each others testicles and inserting wires and safety pins into each others penises. Horrific as it all sounds, the actual permanent physical injuries were insignificant - love bites left longer lasting marks. The acts were also committed with the full and enthusiastic consent of all parties and occurred in private. Unfortunately, they made the grave error

of filming a personal videotape of the proceedings, which was later accidentally stumbled upon by the police. So now they are jailed for assault, causing actual bodily harm, malicious wounding and taking indecent photographs. Consent is no defence.

This is England - land of hope and freedom? Your sex life and personal pastimes are now in the public domain, accountable and prosecutable. Do we still have the freedom to merely write about SM? Do I now have to add a disclaimer to this article saying the author does not necessarily condone the activities and views expressed within it?

JAPAN...

Sadism is practically synonymous with Japan. Her history is littered with some choice examples of it; from the trained

emotionless ultraviolence of the Samurai to the stupefying callousness for human life of Squadron 731 in Manchuria during World War II (on which the film **MAN BEHIND THE SUN** was based). Japan also has a strong parallel masochistic streak. You need look no further than the game show **ENDURANCE**. All that's missing is a whiplash Maitresse in leather as crazy contestants dangle their dangly bits in tanks of starved piranha. To pull out too soon would cause *shame* they'd rather suffer the degradation and have their "bits" bitten off! A unique Japanese phenomenon. Most confounding of all is that the Japanese also have a reputation for being a very placid and friendly race.

From this environment it is only to be expected that Japan has developed a distinct conception of SM somewhat different to our own (the **HILLRAISER** type scenario described above is a good

example and predictably sensationalised by the gleeful gutter press. A unique British phenomenon!). The whips and chains are still present but take on a more subversive role to the traditional artform of **KINBAKU** - Rope Bondage. Abnormality and beauty bound together. Enema and medical imagery also play a large part and recently UK fetish fashion has made a big bruise on Japanese SM culture. But generally, SM in Japan means **BONDAGE** (or Bon-Daa-Gee as they would say).

KINBIKEN...

KINBIKEN are a small Bondage video company in Tokyo who have now been in operation for six or seven years and have noched up a catalogue of over one hundred self produced titles, as well as publishing a quarterly newsletter/magazine. They see their work as part of the deep rooted Japanese tradition of **KINBAKU**. Indeed their Ropemaster, Chimou Nureki, is possibly one of the most noted in Japan. **RIGIIT BRAIN** is an offshoot of **KINBIKEN** for the more unusual kinks and Harakiri films of Masami Akita (interviewed here).

"**KINBIKEN/RIGIIT BRAIN** materials are completely no sex and no genital image but you can see real Rope techniques and strange maniac tastes."

KINBIKEN videos have a clear indentifiable style separating them from the profusion of commercial SM video releases. They are decidedly autonomous and personal, often employing handwritten titles/credits to maintain this informality despite their technical proficiency. Films are shot with a hand-held camera and as a rule there is little editing what's in the camera is what's on the videotape. Consequently the films have a home-video or Warholian artfilm feel, although both of these analogies are insulting. The films are far more engaging - you feel you are actually there in person actively absorbed in the proceedings. None of the films have a plot as such, except for the Harakiri videos which have a mere suggestion of a story to add depth and reason.

Perhaps I'm stating the obvious, but the films mainly consist simply of half-naked ladies being tied up with rope (and string, bandages, rubber tubing...) in every conceivable and inconceivable fashion. **NAOMI SUGISHITA IN BONDAGE** for example features the frail, doll faced Naomi being tethered from the ceiling horizontally five feet off the ground

uncompromising **Bondage**. Sometimes they have a situation or setting such as **WOMAN IN SAND** starring Hiromi Saotome. Filmed on a deserted beach at the sea edge it features the poor shivering lass, dressed only in a transparent plastic raincoat, being Bondaged then dumped in the waves and buried in sand, etc - more akin to Performance Art. **MAD ONANIST IN GASMASK** (Miss Yuko Noguchi) is exactly what the title suggests - one for the Rubberists. More bizarre still is **NOSE PLAY IN SCHOOLGIRL UNIFORM**. A cute face fills the screen (extreme closeups are typifying of **KINBIKEN**) and is mauled, stretched, poked and played about with (!?) by teacher.

Most **KINBIKEN** videos are about thirty minutes in length - sometimes



KINBIKEN session

comprised of shorter sequences and occasionally including endearing little embellishments or outtakes. For example, one video is introduced by a giggling girl holding up a board with the title as a fluffy kitten ambles about her feet (it's amusing to picture the look on some maniacal SM fanatic's face, buying the tape, when the first thing that appears on screen is a cute little kitty kat!). This homely charm probably has much to do with the fact that the director of the **KINBIKEN** company is female.

There is little comparison to American bondage. **KINBAKU** is more concerned with beauty and aesthetics. Akita is irritated by foreigners who misinterpret Japanese Bondage for seummy pornography. He told me of an American (female) film maker who went to visit them asking for films but refused after viewing them, claiming they weren't Bondage!!

THE INTERVIEW...

Masami Akita is perhaps best known as **MERZBOW**, Japan's leading exponent of "industrial music", but simultaneously he has worked in Performance Art and is now increasingly involved with **KINBIKEN**. The following interview was conducted in Jan/Feb 1992. There has been a certain degree of transcription/rewording of his replies for improved coherency and clarity. Some Japanese simply cannot be translated into English and I've retained a few words (such as "mania") that have slightly different meanings to our understanding of them, despite their wide use in Japan. Akita has double-checked this for misrepresentation and glaring errors.

When were you born?

I was born in 1956, in Tokyo.

Career details...

I was an art school student. I studied painting. I had been in several rock groups.

And then formed MERZBOW?

MERZBOW is me but I work with other people for live performances. I've released about ten LP's, three CD's and numerous cassettes. We usually press five hundred-one thousand copies of each LP and virtually all have sold out though I've never received much money. **MERZBOW** is basically run on a non-commercial basis. We still do "Extreme Electronics" and recently perform every month.

Describe a MERZBOW performance...

Wall of noise - louder and harshness.

◆
The current **MERZBOW** press release lists several new or imminent releases by **MERZBOW** and compilations including contributions from Akita. Plus yet another three upcoming releases.
◆

What music do you listen to?

Recently I'm fascinated by Grindcore/Death Metal music such as **MORBID ANGEL**, **CARCASS**, **NAPALM DEATH** and **SORE THROAT** -especially their drums because I'm a drummer (but not a punk kid). Also **ANAL CUNT** are a very good group recently. I've formed a "conceptual" Death Metal group called **BUST MONSTER** with other Noise musicians ("Conceptual" because we can't play Death Metal as those people). We cover material by **WHITEHOUSE**, **CABARET VOLTAIRE**, **TIROBBING GRISTLE**, **LEATHIER NUN** etc. 12 12 will be releasing our recordings soon, probably.

As **MERZBOW** and your other music projects are not your main source of money - what is?

I'm a writer. I began writing for a porno magazine in 1983 called **CLASH**. It's still being published and I still write for them. I work for several other sex magazines. I also work for intellectual magazines such as **YASO**, **STUDIO VOICE**, **IMAGO** etc. And I've had four books published.

Do you write for SM magazines too?

When my first book was published some SM magazines asked me to do work for them as this book focused on many SM issues. Now I'm writing regularly for **BIZARRE MAGAZINE**. Others are not SM but more for abnormal porno. In Japan, SM is a very narrow term, so SM magazine people are always tedious for me to work for. They don't understand what I do. It's difficult writing about "real" things in an SM magazine so I like to write about SM issues for other media magazines.

What are your books?

The theme of the first book, **ANAGRAM OF PERVERSION** (1988), was polycentric sex in post-information Capitalist society. I discussed many forms of pornography and concluded that sex was produced as materials in a Capitalist world and not as an expression of a deeper depressed mind. The second book was **MANNERISM OF**

HETERODOXA. The theme of the essays was Japanese Occultism and Ethnology.



Youri Sunohara in Bondage

The third book was **FETISH FASHION**. It's the follow-up book to **ANAGRAM OF PERVERSION** but more articles on fetish fashion such as rubber, plastic, PVC etc; and further theories about SM. Also, a sub-theme was body manipulation in sex culture. My fourth book was published recently. It's titled **BIRTH OF SEX SYMBOL** and about glamour, pin-ups, amazons, domina...all female symbolism in the media.

From being essentially a writer, how did you get involved with KINBIKEN?

I met Chimou Nureki of **KINBIKEN** when I went to research a commission for **THE ARCHIVES OF SUB-CULTURE** (a kind of library of SM history). I never knew him previously. We talked about Seppuku and I discovered he was a specialist in the field. That was about three years ago. I also met Youri Sunohara at this first private meeting. A week later, I sent him my first book. He replied promptly and invited me to his next Harakiri video session. Nureki and Youri took me to Asakusa, a very traditional (1920's) downtown sector of Tokyo, and bought a special knife for Seppuku. We discussed bondage and Harakiri. I was invited to their monthly sessions and our friendship and common interest grew. I

explained that I made music and Nureki was interested in using this for their performances. We also swapped ideas and wanted to collaborate more closely. And so it went on...

Nureki has been a very good teacher for me. I was inspired by their activities as previously I had been really bored with normal Japanese SM. It had lost the traditional beauty/abnormality. I like to support that.

Youri Sunohara?

Youri is the director and manager of **KINBIKEN** and **RIGIT BRAIN**. She is also the video cameraman (woman!) and model, of course. I don't know her age but she is one of the most unique girls I know. She is clever and sensitive but powerful. Sometimes she is a very strong Mistress, but sometimes she is also very childish like a small boy.

◆
Youri Sunohara appears in numerous **KINBIKEN** films and in many positions(!). She is a curious creature and I have to admit to being enchanted by her. In one video, in which Youri has been tied up, she starts shaking and holding back sobs. It's pretty apparent that any minute she is going to break into tears...and she does. Exactly why this happened is unclear; perhaps she was upset about something unconnected or just being silly, but I know that I fell in love with her from that second on. Despite Youri's English being as non-existent as my Japanese I shall soon be interviewing this remarkable woman to probe deep into these Japanese female (sexual) fantasies about being tied up and questions of morality etc ignored here. Possibly to appear in a future issue of **DIVINITY**.

How do you get the girls?

◆
We have access to a few model agencies but we never use normal teenage models. In Japanese videos now, the teenager is very popular but most of them work only for the money and do not understand SM. So Nureki always selects models who understand SM - it's very important in making good SM videos.

They do enjoy being tied up then

In our videos the actresses always enjoy it - it's our policy. But this isn't true on other Japanese SM videos.

How many ways can a girl be tied up?

Nureki has a book called **ROPE MAKE UP** that explains thirty-six techniques

with photos. He has more techniques but I do not know exactly how many. He says he's tied up three thousand girls and a different form each time! All Japanese rope forms have their own names and Nureki creates his own.

Who are your most popular bondage stars?

I must say that the most popular bondage stars are in **KINBIKEN** videos! Youri Sunohara, Naomi Sugishita, Hiromi Saotome, Kyoko Nakamura and so on. Kyoko is an ex-local TV star and she's creating her own B&D world which is very much inspired by Fifties American bondage. She is a unique person, I think. I did another session with her last December.

◆
The previous **KINBIKEN** Kyoko video was reviewed here in **DIVINITY** last issue. The more perceptive reader will have noticed that the photo's didn't quite match the review. This was due to no photos from that video being available, so alternative shots were used to avoid disappointment. We apologise for any inconvenience caused.

Kyoko Nakamura is definitely a name to look out for. This sultry lady is brimming over with charisma and star quality. Her eyes and dagger looks are unique and her large breasts an obvious asset in Japan. But it's her idiosyncratic squeals, shrieks and squirming that make her the perfect Bondage model. She probably idolises Betty Page, but in my view she pisses all over that over-rated pin-up. Other characteristics include her kinky line in attire, managing to manoeuvre her ass/crotch innocently into the camera at every opportunity, drooling by the bucketload when ballgagged and, of course, her studied insolence. Although in another **KINBIKEN** video, Kyoko is actually seen smiling and giggling (!) in between the wonderful stropy looks.

Kyoko has now set up her own video production company (**MURER BOND DIVISION**) and has very personal ideas about bondage. The recent release that I saw, **BONDAGE LIFE 3**, was really quite funny (sometimes maybe unintentionally?) even without understanding the dialogue. It takes the form of short episodes - Bondaged girl attempting to do the housework (and succeeding dexterously well), a "How To

Chloroform" skit done as a TV commercial comparing two brands, an unsuspecting victim being tied up in a small suburban street, to a background chorus of cats 'n' dogs and children playing, as people pass by with scant concern for her plight (!) and so on...interspersed by a comical newscaster. For some unknown reason it reminded me of Benny Hill ("who is Benny Hill?" Akita asks), but with typically askew Japanese humour (the telephone that aggravatingly remains forever just out of reach, and other mental punishment). Maybe it won't be too long before Kyoko Nakamura is "discovered" outside Japan. Remember you read about her here first!

◆
What's your actual rôle within KINBIKEN now?

Recently I have become a video cameraman, a position I share with Youri. Originally, my rôle was basically observer. I watched their sessions and wrote articles influenced by them. Also I gave them ideas, particularly in regard to Harakiri and rubber and other strange things. I directed one Harakiri video for them - **LOST PARADISE**.



◆
LOST PARADISE is the most intensive **RIGIIT BRAIN** release so far. As the Japanese female gender goes, the actress (Asako Mochizuki) is tall, sinuous and mean looking; dressed here in military uniform. The soundtrack is equally uncompromising, slowly building from white noise to an impenetrable multi-layered wall of sound as Asako slits her abdomen, spilling intestines and other contents in a widening pool of blood. The SFX of each **RIGIIT BRAIN** Harakiri release improves on the last, so I doubt if it will be too long before they clear up all hints of their limited budget.

◆

I've noticed there's generally little, if any, editing...

We don't do too much in the Harakiri videos except for my own **LOST PARADISE**. Other videos I wasn't involved in editing. They like the simple editing because they think video is not like film so the technique is different. Video is more like documentary than film. For me, editing is important - my concept is always towards the movie because I'd like to make something different from them. We (**KINBIKEN** and **RIGIIT BRAIN**) have separate ideas, sometimes I have difficulty with them because I'm more an artist. But I've had a lot of influence from mania people. I'm learning lots. They are interested in my ideas but if they made videos solely from my ideas the videos wouldn't sell! So we always use our commonsense to reach a careful balance of each others ideas.

*Your soundtrack on **LOST PARADISE** is very effective. What other soundtracks have you done?*

I made most of the Harakiri soundtracks but until very recently they didn't have a very good sound editing machine. I think the best is **LOST PARADISE**. My soundtrack will appear on a CD released by **EXTREME** soon (**RIGIIT BRAIN AUDILE - MUSIC FOR BONDAGE PERFORMANCE**).

What about soundtracks for the bondage films?

I made soundtracks for the monthly bondage sessions for a short while but found that people who pay money to come to watch our sessions don't like Noise. I decided to only make soundtracks when I have no stress - in **RIGIIT BRAIN** video sessions where there's no audience.



Are the videos released commercially?

They are sold by an independent network but they're not underground videos. We never show pubic hair, genitals, blow jobs, fucking, vibrators, etc, chiefly because real Rope mania people do not like that and we don't like real black market product. Our videos are sold in a few maniac shops only and mail order.

Do the videos have to be submitted to a board for approval?

Independently, yes.

So who censors Japanese videos?

We have two censor systems. If we sold videos commercially we'd have to pass the **VIDEO CENSOR FOUNDATION**. Our videos cannot pass them because our videos always have no plot and only show bondage, etc. If we made a story and bondage scenes were included - no problem. For the same reason, our videos that only show Harakiri blood performance are no good for commercial release. Secondly, we self-censor, meaning we never show pubic hair or fucking. If we show that without the mosaic we'd go to jail!

◆

The mosaic is a computerised grid over the offending areas just like **NEWS AT TEN** etc use when hiding the identity of people's faces. Amusingly, the Japanese have invented special "glasses" that decode the grid back into something more discernible.

◆

Would you show genitals and pubic hair if you could?

Personally, I don't hate genitals, so I'd like to make a more natural situation. But we can't within present law.

Is it safe to show semen, shit, piss...?

Semen, shit and piss are okay but pubic hair and genitals are not. It's because of the Japanese emperor system.

◆

For thoroughness I realise this article demands an explanation of the politics of Japan's censorship system and the role of the Emperor. Akita pointed me in the direction of an elusive Roland Barthes essay - **SURFACE KINGDOM**. But the **DIVINITY** copy deadline has caught up with me, I've not found the book and confess to not completing my homework. Sorry.

As you may know, the Emperor is regarded almost as a god, very sacred (and mostly unseen). The "centre" of Japan's government being obscure, Japanese accept their irrational censorship as a decreed fact of life. To question it would be un-Japanese, but attitudes are changing. Some people (including Masami Akita, needless to say) now want to see radical reforms of the censorship laws and the emperor system.

◆

What's the government line on SM/bondage?

They attacked SM before very hard in the 1960's because old SM people and magazines had a very anti-government stance. But now SM media people are stupid - no political stance anymore so the government is safe. I think a few more normal porno magazines are more

political and aggressive than other SM magazines such as **SNIPER**. The people at **SNIPER** are very conventional. I think that situation is very different in the West. I think Western SM people are very political, aren't you?

Well, I don't know. I think we have our share of conformists too and quite understandably. Of course, magazines such as **SKIN TWO** have an applaudable serious intent about what they are doing, and are now in a fairly key influential position to be politically aggressive. Unfortunately, any serious articles are overlooked by the average "reader" (fashion victim) who is more interested in looking at the photos.

Tell me about "underground" videos...

We call them **URAMEDIA**. They're uncensored porno videos and magazines (not so many now). Almost all are produced in Osaka. Sometimes they run into trouble with the police but I think the police have good friendship with the Yakuza (Japanese Mafia), so they never know about them.

Is it traded by mail?

Mostly. Today I found a poster in my mailbox for an underground porno video service that delivers to your door just like pizza!

These films are comparable to the notorious German **SLAVE SEX** type videos. The content is totally uncensored - fistfucking, piss, enemas, hot wax, needles and bondage, of course. Like **SLAVE SEX**, the models are not so appealing (mostly not, anyway). Participants keep their faces covered or out of shot as much as possible. Normal porno **URAMEDIA** performers are not so coy. Many of these tapes come out with professional covers, etc.

In addition to URAMEDIA, do the Yakuza control SM too?

I don't think so. They are mainly involved with underground pornomedia and "soapland" (prostitution parlours) rather than SM. We have a prohibitive prostitution law but soapland is safe because the Yakuza pay money to the police.

For further information about soapland and a good general background to all aspects of sex in Japan, I can heartily recommend **PINK SAMURAI** by Nicholas Bornoff (published by Grafton). A well researched and very readable study, although SM mania gets slim coverage.

What's the popularity of SM videos in Japan now?

It's declined. A lot of SM videos have become more normal fuck videos - censored of course. Most commercial SM videos are pretty bad. But some are good - Nureki has worked on some as director of Rope Technics. Nobody knows ropes as well as Nureki.

How many SM/porno videos get released per month?

Commercially, about two hundred each month.

How many SM magazines?

About six or seven regular SM magazines, I think.

Videos in Japan are expensive. **KINBIKEN** videos cost 10,000 yen (£40) each for thirty minute films, and up to 15,000 or 20,000 yen (£60-80) for longer productions - average costs for all SM/porno tapes in Japan. They are only available on NTSC format, needless to say. Akita adds that most people rarely in fact buy videotapes. Video companies sell to rental shops where the tapes can be hired very cheaply (300-400 yen).

The majority of SM magazines are about A5 size and 200 pages or more, published monthly or even fortnightly, often chock full of postage stamp sized pictures. Costs range from one thousand yen to two thousand yen for full colour photo-books. Nipples are apparently not permitted on covers, but once inside, the only restrictions are ropes, chains, leashes, gags, cuffs, restraints and what have you. Some of the newer magazines such as **BIZARRE** are more obviously influenced by **SKIN TWO**, but also explore uncharted realms of "psycho eros". Akita's recent contributions include articles on Rudolf Schwarzkogler, the San Francisco body art scene, Joel P. Witkin and Kinbakuga (Japanese bondage art). Well designed, excellent photography, recommended (but as they are one of the



Hiromi Saitome in wheelchair

few magazines in the world publishing my artwork - I am biased!).

Where are these materials sold?

Just specialist stores, SM shops, big porno shops, video rental stores...but you can find SM books in local secondhand shops easily.

Do SM shops get raided?

No, if they show public hair, yes!

Do women buy SM?

A few, yes.

Do you have feminists?

Yes, feminism is very popular recently within the Japanese intellectual scene (influenced from the USA) but they haven't any ideas about SM like radical feminists in America. I'm very bored.

I've heard about a recent clampdown on porno/violent material...

Yes, I think it stems from the case of Miyakazi who killed children and was an OTAKU (they are very into Manga and animation movies - Mother Complex cases!). OTAKU became very popular from that and childish sex Manga (I HATE THEM) became a problem. **GUINEA PIG** and horror films were banned for a short while but not permanently.

Fortunately, this had no effect on SM. So far, Miyazaki has yet to face trial (as far as I know), so the whole furore could

come to the boil yet again. The best way of describing an OTAKU is as an obsessive collector/fan/information addict so cocooned in his (or less often, her) own fantasy world, they have become detached from and unable to deal with reality - Japan has plenty of them. This country's equivalent would be something like a Nintendo nerd (I HATE THEM!).

What do you think of American bondage etc?

I think they mostly have no policy in regard to ropes, but clothes and devices are very good (rubber, leather, PVC, etc). I respect that Irving Klaw made the bondage business and showed John Willie's works. I think Willie was the most important in the fifties bondage art scene.

What do you make of German SLAVE



SEX materials?

I enjoy SLAVE SEX and MADAM X videos - very funny and painful! I hope they use more traditional torture dungeon equipment.

And English SM magazines?

I appreciate that SKIN TWO made an interest for SM/fetish and youth culture. In Japan, SKIN TWO is a big influence for SM magazines and fetish fashion. AZZLO who introduced the SKIN TWO style became very popular on the club scene in Tokyo. Otherwise I was very inspired by ATOMAGE and DRESSING FOR PLEASURE magazines - especially bizarre gas-mask maniacs. I found that pleasure for the first time in these magazines.

What are you currently working on?

My current favourite project is TRUE ROMANCE. It's a performance group of three people - myself, Sakaibara (exDAIRAKUDAKAN, performer) and Seido (machinery). We use lots of fake meats, blood and real medical equipment, machines, video, a woman's body, sound, water....etc. It's a kind of simulation of sixties Meat Performance and Blood Rituals. In November, we performed in an Art University. It was an installation for "Dark Pornography" including sex freaks, car crashes, carcasses, autopsies, etc. We planned to set up microphones in the ladies rooms and secretly broadcast the sound live but unfortunately the walls were too thick, so instead we made a "fucking chicken machine"! We did a lot. The performance was a success. The hall became a blood pool. Three members of the audience were shocked and left. The events were videotaped.

In our recent performance we used the theme of ONNAINU (doggiwoman - but it's very different from the usual Maso-woman as dog situation. The woman is a dog, but her character is not only as slave - her personality is changed to animal). This character was originally created by illustrator Asaji Muroi, who has worked for over twenty years in the Japanese underground SM scene. His illustrations are very popular in SM mania. Our performances can be seen on a RIGHT BRAIN video. We use the manic world of SM and fetishism for contemporary performance art - no Satanism or religious concepts, we're tired of all expression like that. We have a lot of plans for the TRUE ROMANCE project. We'd like to make videos and CD's in the future.

What are your future plans with KINBIKEN/RIGHT BRAIN?

RIGHT BRAIN has now ceased. KINBIKEN have another subsection for bizarre films. We plan to make new Harakiri videos. There will be more guts and blood videos. I'll be using the SFX techniques which we discovered in the TRUE ROMANCE performance work. The next Harakiri video we plan to make at a film show and freak theatre staged by the producers of an animation movie of (cult Manga artist) Suehiro Maue's SHIOJO TSUBAKI (aka MIDORI IN STRANGE WORLD and recently published in English by BLAST BOOKS. The filmmakers have rented a shrine - lots of real show people will join and we'll make a Harakiri video on the

night after the show.

Any last comments?

Do latex people in England wear mackintoshes to fit into their environment? I hear that in England it is raining every day!

For further information about KINBIKEN/RIGHT BRAIN and MERZBOW:

Masami Akita, 105 Parkside Corp. 7-32-14, Takinogawa, Kita-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Akita would particularly like to hear from anyone who can supply 1950's-60's ATOMAGE, John Sutcliffe, Harrison Marks, nudism and Allen Jones materials.

MUSIC FOR BONDAGE PERFORMANCE should eventually be available from:

EXTREME, PO Box 147, Preston 3072, Australia (tel 61 3 417 4174 or fax 61 3 419 4086). A damn fine catalogue of other "interesting" music too.

Trevor Brown might be contactable via DIVINITY.

Remember kids - always enclose lots of stamps and IRC's to improve your chances of getting a reply.



art: Trevor Brown.
Photographs: Masami Akita

EAT, SHIT, DRINK, PISS AND BE MERRY

A brain-bruising collection of mad, bad and gangrenous underground movies, viewed by **Raymond Carver**

CONFRONTATIONAL CINEMA

Once again from the strange, deep vaults of the London Film Makers Co-Op comes this outrageous programme of head-on film *In extremis*. Always good to know that there's an active vanguard of scabrous experimentalists out there worming around in the deep dirty earth of underground cinema.

But some of these shorts are so beyond the pale of the standard cinematographic experience that it's all but impossible to stay put while they're playing. Constructing deliberately planned exercises in gruelling visual boredom may have a point to it as a tiny protest against Hollywood excess, but making a puritan virtue out of such limited perspectives eventually becomes indefensible.

Janis Crystal Lipzin's **OTHER RECKLESS THINGS** (US 1984) and **CINETRACTS** (France 1968), for example, both come from agit-prop activist traditions of film collaging that are so worthily dry your teeth start to itch with frustration watching them. Lipzin's found medical excerpts and hospital news reports are a messy smear that don't really tackle the intended issues of privacy, control and technology at all. A similar gripe with **CINETRACTS**'s composition from Parisian May riot stills and documentary footage. This might capture a contemporary sense of chaos but doesn't add up to anything viewable.

If **OTHER RECKLESS THINGS** is as intense and maddening an experience as birth itself (the film's "subject"), then **CINETRACTS** is as drab as an old crumbling scrapbook.

What these films *do* have is the unique ability to have you screaming "stop, stop for Christ's sake!" pretty much as soon as the intro titles have rolled.

THE EATING, DRINKING, SHITTING AND PISSING FILM (Kurt Kren, Austria 1967) is an altogether different kettle of bodily fluids. This is a speedily cut shocker as only the Germanically inclined know how - devastating shots of extruding faeces and

old ladies pissing about in allotments whilst filmed secretly combine with grim close-ups of the relevant body parts doing what those parts do best! If this short doesn't put you off eating and drinking for life, you are seriously out to lunch. After Stan Brakage's autopsy gore-fest **THE ACT OF SEEING WITH ONE'S OWN EYES**, this is as visually appalling as they come.

MAYHEM (Abigail Child, USA 1987) has a similar flavour to photographer Bruce Weber's film **BROKEN NOSES**. The stylisation and careful photographic set-ups are composed 90 that each scene has a ravishing beauty of its own. This is a hot, dark and steamy twenty minutes of Film Noir parody, alive with ideas, sex and menace. It's a broad mix of detective thrillers and soap values, filmed like a bunch of chic, high contrast Bill Brandt pictures (the photographer who oversaw the transfers from super eight to big screen for **BROKEN NOSES** coincidentally!).

Alongside the mildly pervy elements, some old Hispanic porn shorts are woven into the film to hilarious effect. Child is going to be one hell of a director when she gets the bigger break she deserves.

WALL SUPPORT (George Saxon, UK 1977) has all the worryingly standard elements of a bona fide underground film it's very short, it makes no sense and it involves tortuous repetition beyond the call of duty. The programme notes sum it up hilariously: "In a single continuous take, the film-maker is filmed banging his head against a wall." Period!

This intensely foolish film has a hardened Shane McGowan lookalike initially booting a wall for six minutes and then in the shock climax - suddenly smashing his forehead against it for one minute! All the while a muffled soundtrack hums in the background. Grim, impeccable, rhythmic, logical, unstinting, prescient...**WALL SUPPORT** is several of these things. OK, so it makes Serjo Paradjanov look like a revolutionary Armenian film director, but the "surprise" ending is up there with the ending of **CARRIE** in the classic catharsis stakes. If you're only confronted by one film this year, make sure it's **WALL SUPPORT** - and take some Disprin!

CRONENBERG RARITIES

In the wake of **NAKED LUNCH** fever, the ICA has managed to net several extremely early works by Canada's most noted counter-culture conceptualist. And perhaps the most notable aspect of the material is just how few of the man's later concerns figure in the formative years. There's very little horror of any kind, and certainly nothing specifically to do with the hellish disfunctions of human anatomy.

None of the trademark visceral visions here then. But what does show up is a left-field sense of comedy (**TRANSFER** and **FROM THE DRAIN**) and a talent for documentary (**LETTER FROM MICHELANGELO** and **JIM RICHI SCULPTOR**) that give a fresher focus on the man. The former were student films, while the latter were short fillers made for TV. All were made between 1971-1976.

If anything, the revelation of something other than a "dark" Cronenbergian sensibility is a shock almost the equal of the man's own grotesque apparitions.

TRANSFER is fifteen minutes of comic jump-cuts splicing through the dialogue of a cod psychiatrist and his daffy patient. Their analysis sessions take place in the middle of a vast, deserted and snow covered field! It's a film whose humour derives from the send-up of high blown psycho-babble pitched at an impossibly neurotic level. As the doctor and patient shift to various locations around the field, so their conversation becomes increasingly ludicrous. The faded colour stock and shaky camera work highlight the amateurishness of the whole thing, which is generally pretty amusing except for the fact that the lexical jokes overstay the few minutes they're funny for.

FROM THE DRAIN is an interiors film done wholly on a specially rigged-up set of a bathroom. It's a pretty basic take on Beckett style absurdism, featuring two bums conversing in a bath, in an otherwise empty, rundown bathroom. There's a definite attempt to develop the comic potential of **TRANSFER**, with the two nerds arguing over which end of the

bath they should stay in. But again, it's the setting and the framing of the characters which concentrates much of the interest. Maybe this was Cronenberg's first outburst of bathroom horror - in one scene a crudely animated piece of wire attacks one of the men in a way that has vague resemblances to future animatronic set-pieces. The scripting is too overblown for the thin plot-line and the rough sound editing almost completely obscures the word play, but there's just enough of a sense of desolate panic to remind you that this could be the start of an ongoing interest in bleak surrealism.

TOURETTES has a pre-Raphaelite beauty wandering up the steep, snow covered mountainside of a European hill-town surrounded by ramparts. As she gets to the top, she embraces a vague looking lover in long-shot on one of the turrets (thus the film title). It's quick, simple and curiously ineffective. It's as though you feel lots of other key footage must have been lost along the way and that this remaining stock was all that could be saved. Much better filmed and composed than the other two efforts, this still feels incomplete and under-achieved. One thing that does come across strongly is the build up of a mystery - however tiny - that is resolved in some particularly untoward fashion. Who is the girl? Why is she climbing such a steep hill? Where is the town? When is all this occurring? Who is the man? Why are they so far in the distance when they eventually meet? It's tantalising rather than sinister, with maybe a suggestion of more involved revelations to come.

LETTER FROM MICHELANGELO and **JIM RICHIIE, SCULPTOR** are both about stone sculpting and are wonderfully worked out studies of artistic impulses and insights. The first features voice-overs of letters written by Michelangelo set around dozens of staggering shots of massive marble rock off-cuts being hewn in a marble cutting factory in Italy. These images of vast swathes of marble hit the memory with a powerful immediacy though strangely, again, the commentary is almost lost amongst the stone portraits.

The second film is less impressionistic and more a straight portrayal of the life of a professional sculptor - how he treats the rock almost as flesh, with shots of hacking, smashing and sweating. The focus on the idea of humane rock has the most Cronenbergian potential of all the shorts. It's easy to imagine a full length feature on the subject containing some kind of horrific account of deviant

encounters between human flesh and stone.

What it was that would eventually come to unleash this trademark fascination with body-horror and biological inversion isn't readily alluded to in any of these movies. But to see a completely separate side to one of the major directors of our day like this is almost akin to having access to private diaries from a period before a full identity was forged. It's a rich and strange apprenticeship which, if anything, only makes the man's drives and desires seem even more wilfully obscure.

WOMEN'S EROTIC FILM SHOWCASE

In league with the ever-active London film Maker's Co-op, the National Film Theatre have been putting together specially programmed bills of their more

extreme themed stuff. The most interesting items so far have been "sex" films directed by Claudia Schillinger, Barbara Theil and Su Friedrich.

How these movies differ from male-produced porn/erotica seems to be a matter of focus. In these works, sexual revelation is built up to, explored from multiple angles and is heavy with atmospherics. There is no sticking simply to the straight narrative of sex, seen in too much male centred material meeting; foreplay; hard stuff; come shots; cut! In these worlds, movement and slippage is all, there's no sense of preprogrammed activity built in simply to cover as many commercially exploitable kinks as possible. There's a real feel for sex and the many ways it might be reconstructed for interested parties.

Generally, the subject matter is more gracefully portrayed, less thirsty, more elliptical, more affirming and, in the widest, best sense of the word, more romantic. All are brave glimpses into a



A strange moment from
BETWEEN

complex of taboos and unwinding explorations.

Claudia Schillinger's **BETWEEN** (W. Germany 1989) is made up of a shooting series of glimpses of gorgeous women clutching strap-on dildoes, erupting through crevices and body curves. Schillinger reveals a miasma of fuming pubes, charged TV images, tightly bound breasts and brilliantly choreographed shadowplays over perfect bodies. There are magical shots of two women masturbating and kneading each others genitals with playful force. Especially powerful are the sequences with the vaginas being pulled and tweaked with tense and tender vulvic violence. There's a lot of hot grasping and a real desperate writhing fervour to the whole thing. Full of impact, this is one of the best sex cut-up movies ever made. Schillinger is a definite name to watch for.

BLUES TRANSIT by Barbara Theil (W. Germany 1988) has much more emphasis on filmic experimentation as rolls of distressed celluloid are done up to look like damaged Victoriana. A lot of this film is a flux of blurs and transpositions of solitary sepias faces or multi-framed fumbblings. In several sequences there are multiple freeze-frames of one constantly moving individual that looks almost like a one-woman thrashing orgy. It's a very tactile film, almost three-dimensional in places. A blue swirl through a funny cod pornutopia of superimposition and fogged remembrance. Very interesting, and full of experimentation and exploration.

The only American production of the programme was Su Friedrich's **DAMNED IF YOU DO, DAMNED IF YOU DON'T** (1987). Of the three directors, Friedrich has made the most direct and easily assimilated film. Based around the growing attraction between two women and the conflicts this engenders in their spiritual and domestic lives, we see a sensualised display of what would, in other hands, have been called "nunsplotation". A lot of the film relies on intercutting with **BLACK NARCISSUS** excerpts to ram home points about subdued sexual feelings and constricting religious fears, and maybe too much use is made of this for **DAMNED...** to be fully its own construct. But this is essentially a quiet film of mild theological fetishism as a young artist falls for a local nun. Like a series of shy glimpses, "found" clips are mixed in with the narrative and solidly non-prurient nude fantasy scenes. the whole thing has a

silent simmering grace to it with an almost soap-like quality. And apart from the voice overs of lesbian nun-confessions read from some sociological text book, it's a subdued and modest work.

For those with a taste for the genre there is plenty of nonstop nun sex in the end sequence, but this is really one for cineastes with their minds on higher things. Still, a revelation and a must for seekers after divinity everywhere.

Typesetting???

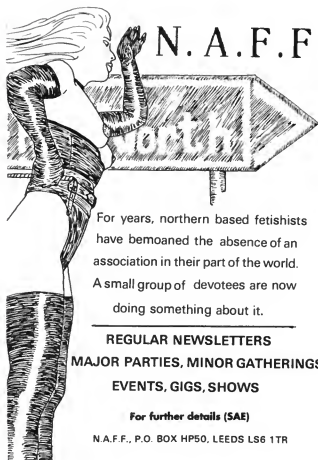
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For years, northern based fetishists
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NOISEWORKS

As mentioned last issue, I'm quite fond of Curve. Their three EPs were delicious combinations of ethereal vocals and howling guitars, backed with a steady, hypnotic rhythm that was hard to resist. So I was looking forward to their debut album. But **DOPPELGÄNGER** (Anxious) is a major let down. It's hard to quite figure out why it fails - the distinctive Curve sound is much in evidence, after all. But perhaps that's the problem. Because all the songs on the album sound very much alike. There's little inspiration or invention in evidence. The album sounds depressingly like Curve-by-Numbers, and that's a bad sign for a debut. Possibly taken in individual doses, the songs might seem OK (the single **FAIT ACCOMPLI**, for instance, is excellent in its 12" version), but I can't help worrying that the band might have used all their best stuff for those original EP's. *hope they prove me wrong...*

Cranes' debut mini-LP **SELF NON SELF** (Dedicated Records) was recorded in 1989 under conditions that sound to be not far removed from Hell (to quote Alison Shaw: "in the studio we worked in, the windows were very small and there was a constant buzz of a generator...it was a nasty time. We used to wrap our legs in blankets to keep warm. The only thing to do was not eat anything at all for days"), which might be why it's so intensely, despairingly brilliant and beautiful. The music here is a glorious, expressionist wall of sound; parts of it come across like the unofficial soundtrack to **ERASERHEAD**, others simply provide a score for the nightmare trip into oblivion. It's a haunting, chilling, often apocalyptic journey into madness, and there's not a bad track on the whole damn thing. Deleted on vinyl in 1991, and is now available on CD only...sigh...with two extra tracks - the magnificent **REACH**, recorded live in Amsterdam and **NOTHING IN THE MIDDLE**. What else can I say? You owe it to yourself to buy this record.

The new album from "foxcore" band **L7** is **BRICKS ARE HEAVY** (London Records). It's a grungy, full-blooded affair, with a bunch of neat little tunes that you can shake your whatever to. It's hardly going to change the world, or even match the success of those other Sub Pop renegades Nirvana, but these girls seem to



Alison Shaw of **CRANES**

have their heads screwed on, and there are enough loud guitars and thumping back beats to keep the record a fairly painless affair. What the hell, they're better than Lunachicks, if nothing else! Early copies of the album came with a *huge* poster that features a vaguely sexy illustration, and inevitably caused "outrage" when publicly displayed.

Splintered's **PARAPRAXIS** (Intellectual Convulsion) has been a long time comin', but here it is, and it's generally worth waiting for. As you might expect from titles like **MOUTH CLAMP** and **SWOLLEN TONGUES**, a thoroughly disturbed (and disturbing) collision of sounds are to be found here; distorted vocal abuse, backed by an unrelenting guitar and drum assault, bad trip tape looping...just what you need and want. Hey, this stuff will even get your foot a tappin' on more than one occasion. There are plenty of rhythmically hypnotic tracks on this CD, along with a fair few slamming full throttle attacks that should ensure highly frenetic audience activity when played live. **PARAPRAXIS** is a thoroughly satisfying piece of work - in fact, the more I hear this, the more I like it. Splintered deserve to be *maelive*, though they probably never will be, and probably don't even *want* to be... Highly recommended.

The cover to Terminal Cheesecake's **PEARLESQUE KINGS OF THE**

JEWMOST (World Serpent) is a gloriously evocative collage of religious images. The music, too, has a certain fascination with devotional themes, though hardly the sort the Christian church would approve of.

Musically, Terminal Cheesecake offer a magnificent, unrelenting assault on sense and sensibility. On the opening track **COILS**, guitars swoop in like fighter bombers to napalm the hypnotic drum/bass backing rhythm; **DRUG** is a hallucinatory bad trip; **OBSCURED** samples Roger Cook's expose of satanism to telling effect. The whole album is a pulsating, invigorating masterpiece. The production is cavernous, resembling the acoustics of a church, sending the music echoing around your head. Brutal, dark and deranged, this is music to slaughter by. Obtain at *all* costs!

Send SAE to World Serpent, Unit 7-1-7 Seager Buildings, London SE8 4HL if you can't find it in your local stockist.

The debut single from Daisy Chainsaw was greeted with the usual euphoria showered upon any new indie darlings from those dickless wonders at the NME and their tragic followers. Oddly though, **LOVE YOUR MONEY** (Deva) turned out to be a cracking piece of work: loud, chaotic, utterly stupid and wonderfully vibrant. It seemed as though the hype was justified for once, until I flipped over to the *awful* B-side, and then heard their equally dreadful follow-up single. Furthermore, the band themselves seem pretty dopey and tiresome. And so Daisy Chainsaw can be written off as another waste of space. What a surprise, *eh?* Oh yeah, they were crap on **THE WORD** as well...

The Halfer Trio's **MASTRUBATORIUM** (Touch Tone) is the music used to back Annie Sprinkle's live performance. As you might expect, it's a new age ambient effort, described to me by one less than enthusiastic listener as being "dreadful sub-Eno crap". I'm not sure if I'd go *quite* that far, but I can sympathise with his opinion. This is, first and foremost, atmospheric sound, and to actually sit down and listen to it requires a specific state of mind. If you feel stressed out, this might well be just the thing to relax you. On the other hand, there's nothing about it to hook you in, or even catch your attention; if you're looking for a musical jolt, you'd be better off leaving

this well alone.

SPREADING THE VIRUS (Sentrax) is an anti-censorship compilation CD that includes offerings from raucous favourites like Splintered, God, Controlled Bleeding, Jouissance and Headbutt, alongside bands such as Multicide, Meatlly and Force Fed. In all, seventeen bands contribute to this excellent collection, offering a heady mix of mindless apocalyptic noise, grungy rock, electronic insanity and general unsavoury sounds. Pretty much an essential purchase, methinks. Contact Sentrax at 105 Harcourt Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham, NG7 6PX if your local stockist is playing up again.

MURDER (Alamut) is a double seven inch package on blood red vinyl. Each of the four sides features the confessions of serial killers Ed Kemper, Henry Lee Lucas, Ted Bundy and Kenneth Bianchi, each backed with a subliminal, but unsettling, electronic whine. It's pretty chilling stuff. Kemper is the most honest and lucid of the four, as he explains how he descended into psychosis. Lucas talks in a matter-of-fact way about his crimes. Bundy first of all denies his guilt, then later blames it all on pornography. Bianchi launches into his fake multiple personality spiel. It's intriguing, fascinating, chilling and educational. A must-have item for all true crime junkies. For ordering information, see the ad elsewhere in this issue.

Taint were described last issue as producing "a vicious onslaught of high-pitched guitar". In fact, Taint tell me that there is *no* guitar at all on their recordings. So just what is that noise? Perhaps we're better off not knowing. In any case, their latest offering is **PIECE MEAL DISSECTION**, which grinds, scrapes and generally violates the unsuspecting listener with the kind of unholy attack to the system that should go down a storm with the neighbours as you blast it out from your garden during those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer. It's also mighty useful as a torture device, I suspect. But, what the hell, I like it...readers should contact these lovable lads at PO Box 7150, Waco, TX 76714, USA, enclosing \$6 in the US and \$8 everywhere else for a piece of the 250 limited edition action.

DAVID FLINT

DEDICATION (Artware) is a limited edition compilation LP put together by noise artist Freudwerk. The extreme sounds of The New Blockaders, Entre Vifs and Freudwerk himself made up side

A, while side B is all Japanese noisemakers: Hanatarash, Hijokaidan, Solmania, Masonna, Incapacitants and AOR.

The highlight of side one is the twelve and a half minute track by The New Blockaders. Anyone familiar with their past noise knows exactly what this track sounds like; piercing metal being shoved around, things being broken, etc., all mixed together making one hell of a racket so that you can't tell exactly what it is. The Entre Vifs track is a collage of constantly changing electronics, using all homemade electronic devices (get their **HEAVY DUTY** tape on Cthulu). Freudwerk do intense noise using electronics, scrap metal and tapes.

Highlights of the second side are definitely the tracks by Hanatarash and Solmania. The others are pretty great, but it's the screaming of Hanatarash and the modified guitar noise of Solmania that really fuck the listener up.

DEDICATION is a numbered, limited edition of three hundred, complete with a booklet of graphics and text by each artist. The album should definitely be picked up as a foretaste of you buying everything else by all the featured artists.

Available from ARTWARE, c/o Donna Klemm, Taunusstr. 63b, 6200 Wiesbaden, Germany.

SFO by Hands To is the first release from a brand new label called Zabriskie Point, and a fine debut it is. This is a CD re-issue of a live Hands To cassette originally available from The Subelectrick Institute.

The recording is of a performance that took place at 455 10th street in San Francisco, 30. 1. 88. If you're at all familiar with the many cassette releases of

Hands To on various labels world-wide, then their sound doesn't need to be described. If you're not, well, that's a bit of a problem. Hands To take fragments of sounds from "emotionally charged" events shown on TV news broadcasts, etc, mixed with samples looped, destroyed and reprocessed, then imbeds them into each other, making what could possibly be everyday familiar sounds seem threatening. Hands To wants to get a reaction to his/its soundwork and - if this is the show I think it is - some of the content of his work left a female member of the audience in tears.

SFO is limited to one thousand, so one should make an effort to get it up quickly. The next project being worked on by Mr Zabriskie is an MB LP. Rumours are also circulating about a Taint LP being in the works too (*well, you should know if they're valid or not... Ed*)

Contact Zabriskie Point, c/o Ben Gilbert, PO Box 3006, Colorado Springs, CO 80934-3006, USA.

K BREWER/TAINT

"Where the fuck do you think I've been, out having my dick sucked and my asshole reamed!"

Wanna soak up some Blaxploitation and piss off the new breed of Hendrix fan at the same time? Then this is the record for you. **SHAFTMAN** (Funky Finger Records) features highlights from a XXX rated Seventies spoof Blaxploitation stag record, and some of the ballsiest, funky out Black sounds waxed in the late sixties and early Seventies. From the Superbad workout on **PURPLE HAZE**, complete with grunts and hollers, to the swirling innuendo of **CRABCAKES**. This is one



hell of a record. Other standout tracks include The Entertainers (FUDDY DUDDY WALK) and the awesome SHORTY THE PIMP by Don Julian and the Larks. SHORTY.. is a knee-jerk homage to Iceberg Slim's incredible book PIMP and features some gutsy guy giving the lowdown on pimping... "He can steal a broad's mind in two minutes, it's not how long you talk brother, it's what you put in it".

Even if the funk bag's not where your ass is at...you'll be flapping when you spring on to the triple X rated sound bites. Laced with street talk straight from any hardboiled black flick or Blaxploitation novel, and filled with funky, funky love stuff, this is a white boy's dream come true. The record follows John Shaftman as he puts the bite on two timing Titewad Charlie. With his chums Greased Lightnin', Benny and Mamma-Do a brothel keeper with a "good head" for business - he gets his revenge, but not before he's Shafted everything in sight. We sample his neat pick up lines: "how often do you two get together...you know, Fuck?", his sweet love talk: "who've you been giving this good pussy to you good Pussy Bitch?...talk your shit baby, make this pussy good!".

SHAFTMAN is one hell of a record - grab this Motherfucker today!

Available direct from No-Hit Records, 1 Hazelwell Road, London SW15 6LU.
CATHAL TOHILL



AUTOEROTIC ARCHIVE (Crude notes) by John Graywood

Necessary to propose a different kind of writing, a prose that achieves a visceral realization. Need a genre that can be caressed into dark directions - sleaze that might become a sort of ritual experiment. Because pornography is the only kind of literature that can force its readers into action (even if that is a peculiarly one-handed operation), it is possible to conceal one's magical intentions behind the quirming fingers.

Desirable to instigate a pamphlet series that contains three vital elements - a chapbook sequence that triangulates upon an overpowering eroticism. These reference points must include: first, nude photographs of the subject; second, an interview that focuses upon past sexual activity; third, a description (by narrator) of the figure's style of copulation. The emphasis upon a publication is decisive: in a limited edition, one could augment the volume with tipped-in pubic hair and a sample of vaginal essences.

Theory: Hours of the Moslem paradise are women about whom one has fantasized while masturbating. The explicit text becomes a type of suspended animation, perpetuating the depicted individual through unabated autoeroticism. Just as a stripper is encased in a curious static electricity, so incessant masturbation (by unwitting operators?) should provide the energy to extend a personality.

From the cunt-shot, the adept will first identify Nuit.

SPECTATOR SPORTS by Moose McGill

Take a peep into the swinger's world and let your jaw drop in amazement...hell, as the noose tightens in represso Britain it seems unreal that the rest of the planet are getting their kicks any way they can.

Lurching into its twenty-seventh year, THE CONTINENTAL SPECTATOR (America's Hottest Swinger's Magazine) proves that despite all sorts of odds, some people still want action, action, action. Inside its one hundred or so pages, all types of Joes and Janes are calling out for your uninhibited attention; they're lusty, lonely and they're using red meat as bait. They prefer to let their blood engorged members do the talking and THE SPECTATOR is proof that clits and pricks come first inside the swinger's corral. To these folk, one piece of throbbing meat is more grisly and eloquent than a heap of well chosen words. I'm here, I'm hot and I'm waiting, they all wail. One guy shows his big 'un beside a phone - this makes it easier for you to suss out the size and potential of the goddamned thing.

Some of the girls have gone for this "big is beautiful" law too, and one hot mama promotes her three inch long monster with gusto. It's "fully exposed and fully erect", she boasts; it's a torrid beast that long to penetrate and decimate any willing partner. Hoo Whee! Why not sling her a few bucks for a photo?

All of human life is here, trapped inside the pages of THE CONTINENTAL SPECTATOR. That's why I love it, from the untanned to the dishevelled, from the oral cowboy to the throb fixated stud, it touches all bases. It's a secret history of sex, and for a few bucks you could hop ahead of the pack and contact some of the crotch peddlers inside! Now that's real value for money...



THE CONTINENTAL SPECTATOR (No. 175) is available from P.O. Box 278, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013, USA for \$11.00.

SINS OF THE FLESH

More forgotten filth from years gone by, reviewed and re-examined

VAMPYRES

Time spent viewing films can often result in some truly excruciating celluloid experiences, but then again some of the most renowned duds can yield pleasant surprises. Case in point - the oft maligned British horror film **VAMPYRES**.

Directed by one Joseph Larraz (in reality Spanish film-maker José Larraz), it's fair to say that it's something of a slumbering affair with some truly bum-numbingly dull sequences, but it also includes moments of oppressive bloody terror that rival many of the widely revered big-budget horror opuses of later years.

Fran (Marianne Morris) and Miriam (Anulka Dziubinska - credited simply as Anulka) are two young lesbians. One night as they're making love, an unseen assailant silently enters and shoots them dead. Precisely who or why we're never told. But they return each night from the grave to hitch lifts from male motorists, all of whom turn up later as the apparent victims of horrible car accidents. Residing in a deserted mansion in the countryside, the girls claim victim after victim. Then Fran takes a shine to Ted (Murray Brown), one of her victims, and keeps him alive - much to the chagrin of Miriam. Ted is equally smitten with Fran, and so despite being mystified by her disappearance during the day, and the appearance of a nasty wound on his forearm, he hangs around. Unaware that Fran is steadily draining him of blood while he sleeps, he gets weaker as the days go by.

True to legend, these vampires return to the grave during the hours of daylight, yet uncharacteristically they have no fangs. Instead, they slash their victims with knives and lap up the blood from the wounds. One such scene which finds Fran gently licking the gushing blood from the gash on Ted's arm is horribly repellent, yet curiously erotic at the same time. And, as previously mentioned, some moments are truly terrifying, such as a frenzied sequence in which the girls hack at a helpless blood-drenched victim, or the finale in which they brutally slaughter the young couple introduced early on (Sally Faulkner and Brian Deacon), who the

viewer has decided will be the film's "happy ending". Some of the most notable moments occur when the visual menace is underscored not by music, but rather by a low synthetic moaning sound akin to wind in a tunnel; it effectively adds a brooding and claustrophobic edge to the building tension.

What also keeps the movie ticking over nicely is the regular insertion of superfluous nudity. Anulka is a petite

has commented, "Naked girls and lots of blood, that's what **VAMPYRES** is about". Enough said.

TIM GREAVES

CONFESSIONS OF A PSYCHOCAT



VAMPYRES

blonde (in fact May 1973's **PLAYBOY** centrefold) and Marianne Morris is an extremely sensuous large-breasted brunette; when Ted says "Fran, you arouse me more than any woman I've known", the viewer can't help but nod in agreement. Neither of these girls seem to mind removing their clothing for the camera and they do so at regular intervals throughout, whether it be to sate their blood-lust on a fresh victim, or for a saphic shower together after a "meal".

I like **VAMPYRES** and while it could hardly be cited as a classic of Seventies British cinema (*I don't know about that...Ed*), it defies its low budget with lush visuals that make it highly recommended viewing. As Larraz himself

Perhaps the jewel in the crown of the recent Taboo Cinema Season at London's Royal College of art, this was trailed as Lux Interior's favourite film, and it surely lived up to that ambitious accolade. With a plot of doped up, done-down sixties unhappy mondos blowing their lives away waiting for "the man", ...**PSYCHOCAT** features utterly cardboard performances all round from a bunch of brain dead turkeys all feigning drug pangs and inflamed urban ennui. Nope, it's not another Jesus And Mary Chain video, but it certainly warrants a championing in the present climate of ossified pop culture. Most notable of its many set-ups are the constant random scenes of boss chicks at writhing house parties taking their sexuality into their own hands and living

dangerously, wooahh, and also a very peculiar human bullfight on a rooftop. This latter scene involves the spearing of some loser in what seems to be a whirling, wiggy prototype for a future Kate Bush video - all fierce staring female eyes and witchy woman body language! Alongside this are some exceptional wide-angle extravaganzas, particularly the murder in central park where someone is cross-bowed to death.

The director - Eve - makes a meal of her entourage - a wild bunch of would-be Warholites all looking for a kiss and certainly prepared to sell their souls for one. With its unflagging emphasis on gritty nudity, preposterous period fashions, flailing promiscuity, and filmic gimmicks and carcrunching hep talk, ...**PSYCHOCAT** is a sleazeball ultra-B movie that's mad, bad and dangerous to know.

LOVE CAMP 7

STORY: The second world war. Two female American undercover agents are smuggled into a women's concentration camp in France. The camp serves as a brothel for German soldiers, both enlisted men and officers. The spies' mission is to escape with a woman inmate who is the holder of vital scientific information needed if the allies are to win the war. The escape attempt is nearly foiled but after a bloodbath in which virtually the entire hierarchy of the camp are slaughtered, one of the agents escapes and, in the shock ending, turns out to be the wife of the general who has narrated the film in one long flashback.

REVIEW: This utterly repellent, risible film is important viewing because of its insights into the real-life fascist fantasies of producer Bob Cresse who plays the lead role of the camp commandant.

I saw this rarely shown film in a screening at Amsterdam's Mazzo club during its now defunct season of Cult Cinema. It was programmed as part of a double-bill representing the women-in-prison genre, although strictly speaking it would have to be classified as concentration camp exploitation. This is, of course, an extremely specialised offshoot of the women-in-prison genre and one which, because of its taboo subject matter, does not share the element of outrageous "campy" exaggeration that makes the women-in-prison cycle such fun to watch.

It is generally accepted that the commercial success of Liliana Cavani's **THE NIGHTPORTER** in 1974 was responsible for the cycle of films in the mid-seventies which constitute the bulk of the concentration camp exploitation genre. Titles such as **ILSA, SHE WOLF OF THE SS**; **SS EXPERIMENT CAMP**, etc etc, formed the "hardcore" bulk of the cycle - and these were, almost without exception, made either in Italy or Spain. The genre had pretty much died when Tinto Brass made his **SALON KITTY**, a dreadful soft-core attempt to satisfy both the hard-core market (who would normally see their films on video) while retaining a "serious" cinema public; perhaps the people who had seen **THE NIGHTPORTER** and were curious as to how Brass would tackle the subject.

LOVE CAMP 7 then is a curiosity, made in America a full seven years before **THE NIGHTPORTER**. It owes nothing to that dominant work in the genre and needs to be examined then in a slightly different context to the run of the mill concentration camp exploitation items, which I consider completely without merit (not because they are generally all that offensive - once one has come to terms with the offensiveness of the genre itself - but because they do not offend enough; they are just very, very tedious, which tends to trivialise the appalling subject matter).

LOVE CAMP 7 horrified me and disturbed me precisely because it can't be explained away as being part of a cynical exploitation cycle. Indeed, it has all the hallmarks of a labour of love, and Bob Cresse's "acting" as the camp commandant is really nothing more than the living out of his own fascist fantasies. One can't escape the fact that in this film, real live women are forced to lick his boots; this isn't acting; this is real and the camera lovingly closes-up on the scene. Furthermore, there are numerous scenes of extremely uncomfortable bondage, women are hanged from ceilings, and forced to sit on a sharp wooden instrument whose jagged surface is obviously not well suited to the vagina (this particular torture was apparently Cresse's favourite, and he shot the scene in question over and over, thus literally forcing the actress involved to undergo the torture. Hitchcock devotees will recognise a similar misogyny during his shooting of **THE BIRDS**).

In this sense then, **LOVE CAMP 7** is hardly a feature film at all. My initial reaction to it, admittedly largely

determined by the utter ineptness of acting, direction, montage, etc, was that it was simply the outrageous living out of some particularly nasty sexual fantasies by a man in the fortunate position of having enough money to do so. The sheer gruelling nature of a lot of the footage distanced me from the possibility of identification with the torturers/rapists, and this is possibly why I think this film is the most essential of the concentration camp genre. I strongly believe that concentration camps are only ever admissible as subject matter for feature films if the director/writer actually confronts the issue of the camp as a site for the enactment of universal fantasies of power. It is precisely this confrontation and engagement with the issue of power and sexual fantasy that hallmark the two masterpieces of the genre: **THE NIGHTPORTER** and Pier Paolo Pasolini's **SALO** (1975).

Lee Frost, the film's director, and Cresse are obviously not worth being mentioned in the same breath as Cavani and Pasolini, but the effect of **LOVE CAMP 7** on me was very similar to what their films achieved: a sense of revulsion, sadness, recognition and guilt. After all, any review of a film dealing with concentration camps must take the form of a confessional. Simply by being aware of what happened, one is complicit. The paradox is that choosing not to be aware makes one an accomplice. **LOVE CAMP 7** ultimately impressed me as a film that one could not enjoy watching.

Admittedly, this is a subjective opinion, and the group of young men sitting behind me during the screening who frequently yelled out "Sieg Heil!", "Heil Hitler" etc, and laughed during a great deal of the torture, were obviously enjoying the film on the very level that Cresse and Frost would have wanted them to.

I don't agree with censorship of any kind at all, but I would think twice about dating anyone who had this film on his or her all time favourite movies list!

IAN KERKHOFF



PSYCHO-OPTICAL CULTURE

The Divine Access Guide to what's what

VIDEO

The overdue acknowledgement of the video collector's market continues to produce some interesting new product. The large box and "free" booklet format pioneered with **THE BIG BLUE** has continued unabated. WH Smith, of all people, seem to be leading the way in this mini-revolution, with exclusive presentations of **CYRANO DE BERGERAC**, **GOODFELLAS** and **THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS** in this format. The films themselves are no different from the standard version, it should be said, so you're paying an extra £8.00 simply for the fancy packaging. Bear that in mind. WH Smiths also stock an exclusive edition of Kubrick's **SPARTACUS**, uncut, widescreen, and in a "normal" sleeve.

WH Smith's record chain Our Price have also gone for the collectors market, weighing in with an exclusive boxed edition of Oliver Stone's **THE DOORS**, here in the widescreen format denied the people who buy the standard version. But as this edition only costs £4.00 more, who'd want the ordinary version anyway? One **DIVINITY** scribe did complain that the boxes for these "special editions" are too impractical, the booklets a waste of time and slammed **THE DOORS** for not being *quite* as narrow as the US laserdisc version. Ahh well...you can't please all the people all the time, I guess.

From one Lizard King to another - Polygram have issued a couple of Godzilla double bills, again in widescreen (the mind truly boggles!). You can thrill to **SON OF GODZILLA** (which is absolutely delightful), **TERROR OF MECHAGODZILLA**, **GODZILLA VS GIGAN** and **GODZILLA VS MEGALON** (which are rather more of an ordeal), with the promise of a triple bill of **DESTROY ALL MONSTERS**, **EBIRAH, HORROR OF THE DEEP** and **INVASION OF THE ASTRO MONSTERS** - all of which are excellent - to come. The only problem here is that all seven films either released or planned are the same as those shown a couple of years ago by Channel Four.

Just before their untimely demise, Palace released David Lynch's **WILD AT HEART** widescreen (without fancy



MIRACLE FILMS presents

"**GODZILLA**" in "**WAR of the MONSTERS**" CELT A

packaging, but still costlier than a standard release). They coughed up Peter Greenaway's **PROSPERRO'S BOOKS**, which is interesting enough, but hardly the revolutionary masterpiece it was hyped as on initial release. The much touted layering of visuals is very pretty to look at, but seems little more technically innovative than your average music promo. Derek Jarman's **EDWARD II**, released alongside the Greenaway film, also delights and disappoints in equal proportion. While stylishly (and stylistically) shot, and containing a handful of gay grappling sessions, the film is the product of the tame Jarman, now assimilated into the mainstream of British culture. He might still be making works of art, but he no longer seems to challenge anyone. Both films are, however, worth seeing.

Widescreen junkies might also like to note that the long-awaited revolution is set to continue, with CIC lining up more releases soon, and Warner Home Video set to release "almost everything" letterboxed, starting with the Bond films and the **MAD MAX** trilogy, the first film being made available with its original Australian soundtrack, rather than the US-dubbed version currently out 'n' about.

Hallelujah!

DAVID FLINT

CINEMA

A small and dirty part of the ICA's well conceived "Scandal Eros and Revolt - Surrealist cinema and It's Legacy" programme, **THE DEADMAN** is in many ways the deformed bastard child of **CONFESSIONS OF A PSYCHO CAT**. Best described as "warmed over noir", director Peggy Awesh has fashioned an uninspired racket of a film which supposedly confronts feminist porn head-on but really comes over as nothing so much as a bunch of camera crazed loopers smearing celluloid over their playpens.

To wit...a woman wakes up next to a dead man. She rushes naked into her garden. She pisses in the rain. She arrives at a shady bar. Gets into various drunken fights with the insalubrious clientele and pisses over a dwarf. Sounds great! But in amongst the quaint old fashioned title boards, jolly nudity and collapsing sets is a stricken sense of boredom which hits the viewer immediately. There's a great deal of dirty hippy footage as cretinous

drop-outs stagger around drunkenly and lurch round jukeboxes. But it's all dulled, brainsick lunacy of the most casually indifferent sort. Strangely enough, **MY OWN PRIVATE IDAHO** is almost on the same level of lowbrow lassitude, except that **DEADMAN** beats it hands down in terms of acting skill and human interest! This is the school of John Waters gone A.W.O.L. in its over-reaching indecency.

You'd need to be a really committed dopehead on a terminal spliffola to palookaville to wrest any humour from this excruciating malaise. My only pleasure was in the credit name of the actor called "Scott Shat". A foul and tiresome skidmark on the hidden gusset of cinema.

SINGAPORE SLING is not the loin-blazing event the Scala cinema had been trailing for several months in the wake of its blanket screenings of **THUNDERCRACK** and **CAFE FLESH**, but is an interesting folly none the less.



SINGAPORE SLING

A mother and daughter in an isolated house take in a wounded stranger and all hell breaks loose. The two women torment him terribly and then murder him. If all this sounds a bit basic, it ignores the opulent cinematography and the finely managed atmospherics, but in terms of the much-heralded sex 'n' gore, it's all fairly uninspiring. The whole thing is really too self-consciously cultish to score on more than a few aracs, but for any **ROCKY HORROR**... bores it'll probably seem like a dream come true. The comic interplay between the two women is particularly amusing but too many

punches are pulled in the sex excerpts, when these are meant to carry most of the movie. It's a mild tease, filled with brilliant supple photography and a great Julie London soundtrack, but the noir-camp genre just hasn't been sufficiently worked out to make much of a mark.

Here's the best of the damage...interesting vomiting scenes; good burial and disembowelling shots; some full-in-face pissing shots (which could've been better handled); lots of negligee/ lace fetish footage; female masturbation with peach scenes; interesting climactic knife-rape and marvellous pix of rain storms flooding gardens and swelling top-soil! See it only if the prospect of a Greek-sex-cult-parody-thriller really fries your onions. Otherwise, it's back to those hoary old **THUNDERCRACK/CAFE FLESH** double bills again.

CATHY PACIFIC

MAIL-ORDER

An excellent new mail order outlet is Dark Carnival Distribution, who specialise primarily in horror/exploitation/ cult zines, but also carry a few books, T-shirts and other oddities. Gee Whizz, he even sells **DIVINITY**! The catalogue is nicely laid out with useful descriptions of both the zine and its contents, with a few reproductions of covers thrown in for good measure. For those of you who either have difficulty, or simply can't be bothered with ordering direct from the publishers, this is a godsend. You can have a six catalogue subscription for a single solitary quid. Write to 21 Avon Road, Scunthorpe, South Humberside, DN16 1EP.

Popping through the letterbox in a quite unsolicited manner was a huge, glossy, colour catalogue of filth from one "Paul Henri", at Postbox 547, 2501 CM, The Hague, Holland. Mr Henri sells porn, pure and simple, and his catalogue is packed with uncensored reproductions of the covers to assorted hardcore product. Whether your poison is magazines like **TEENAGE SEX**, **COLOR CLIMAX**, **PRIVATE** or the subtly named **FUCKERS**, videos like **DANISIIARD-CORE**, **ANAL SERVICE** or **SHE MALE FUCKER**, or "definitely different" titles like **EROTIC PERVERSION**, the pissing mag **SEX BIZARRE** or gay books like **LEATHERMEN**, it's all here, albeit at a rather hefty price that you might be



understandably reluctant to take a chance on paying. You can, however, subscribe for regular mailings and "free samples" for £3.00, which is cheap enough to risk, I guess. And to put your mind a rest, Mr Henri is keen to point out that under no circumstances will he supply "child porno" or "bestiality" (sic). What a relief.

DAVID FLINT

EVENTS

For confirmed lovers of gun-fu headlong Asian action flics and their soft-core counterparts, the **FILM EXTREMES 2** all dayer at London's Scala cinema on May 29th was as present and correct as they come.

With the declared aim of mixing "Hong Kong cinema and western cult movie making into one enjoyable, eclectic big screen brew", this very well organised and well attended event really brought out the big guns for the punters. Manfred Jelinski and Jorg Buttgerit talked everyone amusingly through the **CORPSE FUCKING ART** film they've just finished; the beautifully demure Monika M. revealed all about cadaverous cock manipulation, and Blaze Bayley of Wolfsbane gave away some prizes which - literally - had the crowd hurling themselves onto the stage.

As for the goodies...**GHOSTLY LOVE** was a genuinely crazed Chinese sex-fu potboiler with the most idiotic subtitles ever printed and agonizingly ham-fisted spook FX. **DRAGON FAMILY** was a

pretty muted "respect-for-the-triad" type affair with a bog-standard whirling dervish finale so the little boys whooping in the audience could fantasize about their squib spurting fixations. And apart from that, the UK premieres of PAUL DETTE, FUR AXEL and ANALSTAIL revealed just how much 16mm sub-human gore 'n' gash nonsense Manfred Jelinski really has hidden up his lederhosen.

This punter could have done without the brainshites heckling Buttergerit and spunky Miss M. but despite the fetid Brit-seum lager-bore behaviour of the sad-fuck element, this was an object lesson in cult programming. More power to the Scala for having the smarts to encourage these genre mini-fests, and for crying out loud, someone get that Monika M. all nighter up and running NOW!!!

SAL VOLATILE

HYSTERIA



It's mass hysteria time again, it seems. As half the country prepared to vote in local elections, Trading Standards Officers across the country were out smashing a "network" of dealers selling videos showing "scenes of torture, mutilation and cannibalism... some purporting to show actual murders being committed - so called 'snuff movies'". The TV news reports were full of shock-horror reports. SKY NEWS began by suggesting that here at last was the evidence to show that, yes, most children who are kidnapped and murdered *do* end up in "snuff videos". CHANNEL FOUR NEWS went even further, managing to

connect the raids to paedophile rings, contact mags, SM and practically everything else guaranteed to cause uproar. Meanwhile, other news broadcasts had the Officer in charge of the raids talking of how his men would have to watch the films in shifts, because of their nauseating contents. As he spoke, the camera panned down a collection of seized tapes... which is where the whole thing turned to farce. What were these "snuff videos"? Why, films like BLUE VELVET, MEET THE FEEBLES, NIGHTBREED, WILD AT HEART, HOUSE OF WHIPCORD, THE KILLER... even a Kate Bush video could be spotted. Had anybody actually watched any of these films? Did any of the "journalists" present question the claims of the Trading Standards Officers? Could none of them tell that the tape being played as an example of the material seized - ANTIROPOPHILAGEOUS THE BEAST - wasn't real? Seemingly not, as some reports stated that one film showed a pregnant woman being killed and the foetus eaten (as indeed happens in ANTIROPOPHILAGEOUS), the suggestion being that the footage was real. Complaints about this ludicrous coverage were made to Channel Four, via that hotbed of political correctness, RIGHT TO REPLY. Surprise, surprise, they were ignored. Okay, so the people involved here probably deserved everything they got; I have no time for these teenage entrepreneurs who rake in a fortune selling dodgy bootlegs of dodgy films. But to equate trading horror movies with child murder is dispicable and insulting.

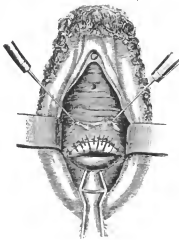
All this moral panic comes a few weeks after Christopher Berthoud was fined £600, narrowly escaped prison and was presented as the lowest form of scum imaginable by both the judge and the press. His crime? Importing (what sounds like) the notorious Japanese mutilation short GUINEA PIG - which the media once again described as a "Snuff Film". This continued emphasis on the term "snuff" is worth noting. Despite media hype, there is still no evidence that snuff movies even exist (though I fear that the continued reporting of them will eventually inspire someone to give it a whirl). It's a neat phrase, though - it arouses moral outrage and fear in a way that a fairly cliche term like "video nasty" never could. You can expect any graphically violent film, any sado-masochistic material, anything that threatens the cosy status quo of British



life to be labelled "snuff" from now on. And you can be sure that the next big media scare will be the fear that the single European market will lead to an influx of "snuff movies" into the country. So are modern myths born, and so the government, with its media lackies, keeps the lid of repression clamped tightly shut.

Those of you who oppose this state of affairs might be interested in C.R.E.E.P. (Campaign for the Rehabilitation, Enlightenment and Education of Paternalists), a new "organisation" devoted to campaigning for the liberalising of Britain's archaic laws. For more information, or to pledge your support, contact Jeremy Pender at 53 Somerford Way, London, SE16 1QN, or phone 071-232-1412.

DAVID FLINT



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SHEER FILTH



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Please note: the video release of **TRIUMPH OF THE WILL** advertised last issue has now been cancelled, due to our continuing qualms about promoting fascist ideology - no matter how magnificent the film. Accept our apologies.



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